# T·L·S

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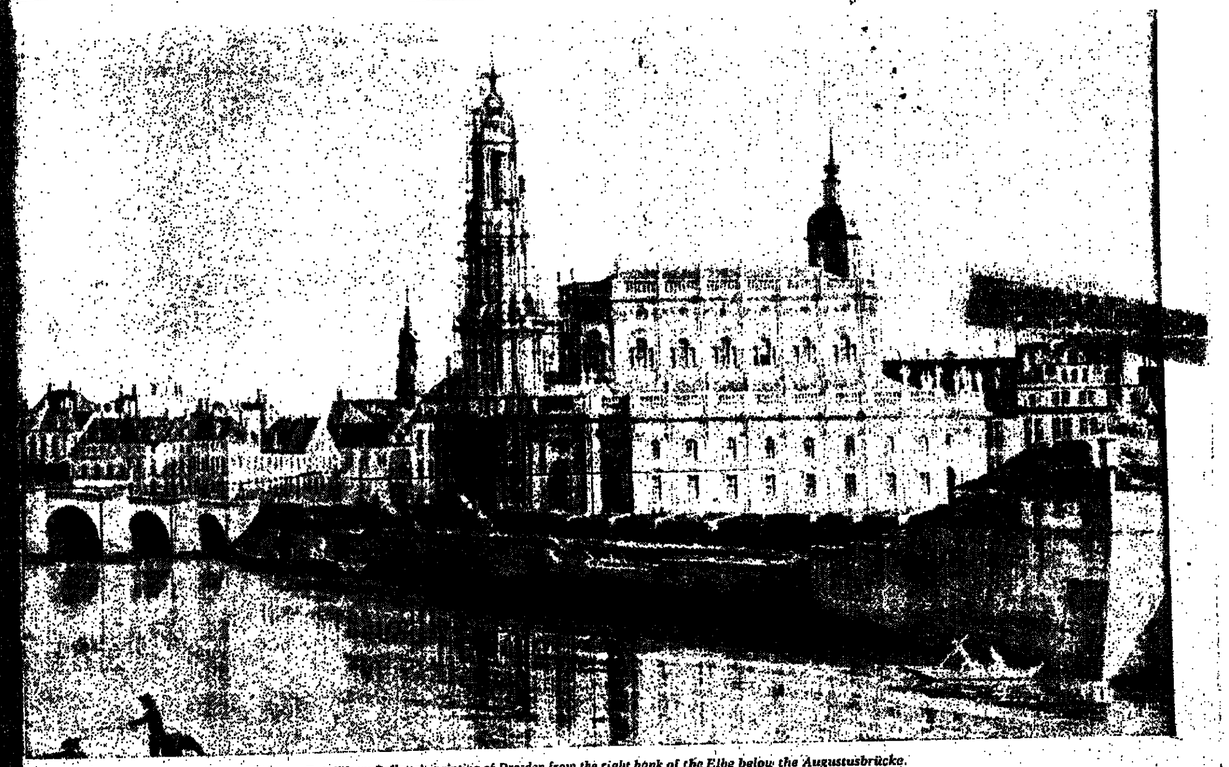

*Detail from Bellotto's painting of Dresden from the right bank of the Elbe below the Augustusbrücke.*

# The Canaletto of the North

LIKE MANY OTHER connoisseurs of painting in London in the summer of 1748, George Vertue was puzzled and worried by rumours that were being whispered around that the view-painter from Venice who was enjoying such success was not "the veritable Canaletti of Venice" he claimed to be but some impostor. A month later, however, he thought he had found the answer to the problem. "At last after some time", Vertue wrote,

"I heard how that difficulty, was spread about: this man was not the person so fam'd in Italy at Venice—he had a sister who had a son also showing some genius, was instructed by his uncle Canaletti, and this young stripling by degrees came forward in his profession being taken notice of for his improvements he was called Canaletti—the young. . . .

"In some respects, the cause of the confusion that puzzled Vertue has continued, for Bernardo Bellotto often used the name Canaletto and is so called to this day in most of the northern European countries where he worked for the greater part of his life—Bavaria, Saxony, Austria, and above all Poland. Indeed the last book on the artist to appear in English, issued as recently as 1954, was entitled *Canaletto, the Painter of Warsaw*. In insisting on using the artist's baptismal name rather than his more familiar but usurped pseudonym in the title of his two large volumes Stefan Kozakiewicz (a member of the staff of the National Gallery of Poland, which possesses more Bellottos than any gallery in the world) has taken an important step towards clearing up this persistent source of confusion, particularly as his study is likely to remain a standard work of reference for many years to come.

As a matter of fact Bellotto never visited this country throughout his sixty years of life. At the very moment when Vertue and other Londoners were speculating whether Bernardo Bellotto detto il Canaletto (as he often signed his name,

STEFAN KOZAKIEWICZ:
**Bernardo Bellotto**
Volume 1: Text. 309pp including 193 illustrations
Volume 2: Catalogue. 531pp including 703 illustrations
Translated by Mary Whittal
Elek. £30 the set

sometimes even omitting the first part altogether) was in England, the artist had been settled comfortably in Dresden for more than two years. Born in 1721, the son of Canaletto's eldest sister Florena, he entered his uncle's Venetian studio for training as a view-painter when he was fourteen or fifteen years old, that is to say at the moment when the elder artist was at the height of his success and under continual pressure to produce more and more views of Venice for rich young Englishmen on the Grand Tour. These were the years of the great series of views painted for particular English patrons: twelve at least for Joseph Smith, twenty-four for the Duke of Bedford, twenty-one for the Duke of Buckingham and half a dozen for Lord Carlisle. The artist must have therefore been greatly in need of assistants.

To judge by the views of other Italian cities that Bellotto painted a few years later, immediately after quitting his uncle's studio, he was a highly talented painter from the beginning, not indeed greatly inferior to his uncle as a view-painter, though hardly his equal as a draughtsman. The contemporary rumours of a quarrel between the two which had reached Vertue's ears were doubtless soundly based and due to jealousy, possibly even to rivalry. Both men had difficult temperaments. A would-be patron of the elder artist described him at about this time as "fantasque, bourru, Bastiste" while, a few years later, Bellotto's own father wrote of "il cervello bestiale di esso mio figlio". There is evidence that the younger man was vain, claiming falsely to belong to the Venetian aristocracy and almost certainly using his uncle's more famous name as a means of enhancing his own importance in the days before he had established himself.

It is not known exactly when the quarrel occurred, but it was certainly in those difficult years when the outbreak of the War of Austrian Succession had deprived Canaletto of most of his wealthiest foreign patrons. As late as August 1743 Bellotto exhibited paintings publicly in Venice under his own name. Less than a year later he was dating landscape views from various places in Lombardy and Piedmont and there is every reason to think he had shaken the dust of Venice's *calle* from his feet for ever. Shortly afterwards he turned his face northwards, and after his arrival with his wife and young son at the Saxon capital sometime around July 1747 (the exact date is given in a mysteriously absent document which no living art historian has been able to trace) he never set foot south of the Alps again.

According to Mariette, Bellotto's reason for going to Dresden was that he had been invited by Augustus the

Strong, one of the greatest eighteenth-century patrons of Venetian art, as a *pis aller*, for the king of Saxony had failed to tempt Antonio Canaletto to his capital. At any rate, within a year of the younger man's arrival he was appointed court painter at a higher salary than had previously been paid to an official artist in Dresden. The royal demands were modest. He was required by his contract to produce only four paintings a year and was free to work for private patrons, and indeed executed sixteen views of Dresden for Augustus's principal minister, Count Brühl—who never paid for them. For the King he painted the twenty-five magnificent views of the city and the Saxon countryside to be seen in the Dresden gallery today, as well, according to Dr Kozakiewicz, as four which never reached the King owing to the outbreak of the Seven Years War.

In these Bellotto developed a highly original style impossible to confuse with that of his uncle. Darker in tonality and painted with a much thicker impasto than Canaletto's smooth-surfaced and limpid views of Venice, the figures with which they are animated are far more individualized. As Dr Kozakiewicz notes, at least half of the more than 3,000 figures in his paintings "can be assigned to a specific professional and social standing by their appearance and dress". In addition he included in his views portraits of himself, his family, his friends and his patrons. Apart from a few senators in their scarlet robes and an occasional chimney-sweep on the skyline, one would be hard put to say who populates the majority of Canaletto's paintings.

It was at Dresden, in the panoramic views taken (the verb is justified by Bellotto's use of the camera obscura) outside the city, that Bellotto began to develop that pre-Romantic feeling for the countryside which emerges finally in the extensive views over the flat Polish plain outside Warsaw which almost bear comparison with Philips Koninck's wonderful panoramas of the equally flat Dutch countryside. Indeed this development undoubtedly owes something to the Dutch landscape paintings which he must have seen in the Saxon royal collection and elsewhere—e g, with Count Brühl, one of whose landscapes by Van der Heyden he even etched. But in fact, as the author justly remarks, Bellotto was much less influenced by the art he saw in the places he visited than by "the physical character of each place, which he captured in his paintings". The series of views in the Vienna gallery painted for the Empress Maria Theresia and a few members of her court or those of Munich painted for the Elector of Bavaria in 1761 and now in the Residenzmuseum there, all reveal this clearly. Each is interpreted in a rather different way, but this "poetic realism" as Dr Kozakiewicz calls it comes out most clearly in the series of magnificent views of Warsaw and its neighbourhood painted for Stanislas Augustus Poniatowski, last king of Poland.

Bellotto had stopped off at Warsaw only temporarily on the way from Dresden to St Petersburg. Stanislas Poniatowski, however, was an enthusiastic art collector (the most important of the paintings in the Dulwich Gallery today were collected for him) and leapt at the chance to make the now famous Venetian artist his court painter, a post he held for the next thirteen years until his death in 1780. Here Bellotto decorated the Ujazdów palace with views of Warsaw, Rome and historical subjects, and executed the splendid series of views which many will remember when they were generously lent by the Polish Government to the Whitechapel Gallery, to Liverpool and York in 1957, while the National Gallery at Warsaw was being reconstructed from the ruins of the totally devastated capital. Incidentally, they have played a role unusual for paintings during Poland's postwar revival, for it is largely on the basis of Bellotto's views of the city that Warsaw's streets have been restored to their prewar appearance with such remarkable success.

The Whitechapel exhibition was a revelation to English eyes for, unlike Canaletto's works, very few of Bellotto's paintings ever came here. There is nothing by him in the National Gallery, nor in the Wallace Collection, nor perhaps in the Royal Collection at Windsor (there is some slight doubt about one or two of the Canaletto drawings), to mention three particularly important assemblages of Canalettos and Canalettesque paintings. The minute researches of Dr Kozakiewicz have shown that four of Bellotto's largest and most important views of Saxon fortresses painted for Augustus the Strong, but never delivered when the country was overrun by the Prussians, found their way to England quite early on, though it is permissible to wonder if they were not believed to be Canaletto's work at the time. The first Lord Hillingdon, too, acquired six of Count Brühl's views of Dresden from his descendants later in the nineteenth century, and a few others have filtered here by devious means; four of his drawings of Lucca, for instance, were among George III's rich topographical collections. But if any Bellottos came here hot from the artist's brush, it was his Venetian views painted at the time he was working in his uncle's studio and they were almost certainly purchased as Canaletto's own work, just as Francesco Guardi's early figure studies were bought and sold as the work of the *capo di studio*, his elder brother Gianantonio.

The first chapter of Dr Kozakiewicz's book is assigned to the artist's early years in Venice and elsewhere in Italy. It is the longest except for the one on his Polish period, and it is the only one which presents a crucial art-historical problem. In the later periods there are fairly simple problems of examining Bellotto's artistic development, distinguishing his own work from that of collaborators like his son Lorenzo, Klopsch or Byczkowski, or imitators and copyists like "the Russian Canaletto" Fyodor Alekseyev, or the so-called "Anonymous Venetian". But the controversial nature of the Venetian period of Bellotto's career may be gauged from the fact that of the thirty paintings claimed by Fritszche in 1936 as having been painted in Italy, Dr Kozakiewicz can accept only two as being by Bellotto at all. Yet, despite some obvious faults, Fritszche's book has hitherto been regarded as the only really serious study of the artist's work as a whole.

There are a certain number of views of a Canalettesque character, but differing from his tonality and handling of paint, of cities like Florence, Lucca, the Turin neighbourhood and the Milanese—areas which Antonio Canale does not seem ever to have visited—and which can reasonably be assumed to be by Bellotto. A few of these are dated in the 1740s. But about views of Venice painted between 1735 and 1742, when he seems to have set off on his travels outside the Veneto for the first time, we are almost entirely in the dark, as we are about his visit to Rome in 1743 (here again Dr Kozakiewicz differs almost totally from Fritszche about the dating of the Roman paintings). The only real clue to this important period of the artist's activity is provided by a group of drawings mostly of Venice in the Hessisches Landesmuseum at Darmstadt, forty-eight of which can be shown to have been in Bellotto's possession at his death and others of which were purchased from his heirs. Unfortunately the group is not completely uniform and includes three works almost certainly by the uncle himself and others which Dr Kozakiewicz describes as "not good enough to be ascribed either to Canale himself or to his best pupil". One, however, of a Venetian subject is signed by Bellotto and dated December 1740 when he was certainly still in Venice. This frail prop is all we have to go on in assigning paintings of Venice to the artist, for no early view of the city signed or documented as by him is known.

Mere correspondence of composition between a painting and one of the Darmstadt drawings is quite an inadequate basis to substantiate an attribution to Bellotto, for, as Dr Kozakiewicz remarks, such drawings must have been common property in the uncle's studio. As a result, the author is driven to considering certain Canalettesque paintings of Venetian subjects which have been attributed to Bellotto by earlier writers on the subject, scholars such as Constable, and Hadeln, Fritzsche, Pignatti, or even by mere anonymous cataloguers. In each individual case he considers whether the works conform to some rather ill-defined concept of "Bellotto's early style" itself derived from no truly authenticated painting by the artist. Sometimes he will even discuss in this way paintings which he admits to knowing only through the reproduction in a catalogue (e g, the former Rudolf Kann painting, Catalogue No 16, which was published as long ago as 1907). This may be all that can be done in the present state of our knowledge, but it is hardly a satisfactory art-historical method—especially when it is applied, so to speak, in reverse and the almost certainly authentic views of Lucca and Florence are described as having a "general similarity" of style to "the works dating from before his departure from Venice . . . so great that it effectively proves that he went to both cities during his tour of 1742 rather than at a later period". Such a statement is surely worthy of inclusion in a textbook of logic as a masterly example of *petitio principii*.

In the course of this analysis the author rejects a very large number of the earlier attributions of Venetian paintings to Bellotto and substitutes a group of his own. Pignatti's very carefully argued case for transferring to Bellotto, for example, the views of Venice once in the Mills collection and hitherto regarded as masterpieces by Canaletto is totally rejected and on grounds far less carefully argued than Pignatti's own. Dr Kozakiewicz does not even mention an interesting note which appeared in *Arte Veneta* for 1963 in which attention is drawn to a curious morphological feature which is found over and over again in works unquestionably by Bellotto. This is the idiosyncratic representation of weeds and reeds as "whip-like" objects stuck obliquely into the ground. Yet such a criterion seems to give strong reasons for rejecting certain early views included in the catalogue here, views about which doubts might be felt on other grounds. An example is "The Temple of Antoninus and Faustina" (No 71), where the lush growth of weeds along the pediment conspicuously lacks these stigmata while they are very evident in the four preceding and the two successive illustrations, all of Roman subjects.

Instead of careful stylistic analysis Dr Kozakiewicz divides the earlier attributions of Venetian and Roman views into sheep and goats on some more or less intuitive basis which is never made totally explicit except for comparing them with views of other Italian cities seemingly painted at about the same period or shortly afterwards. While prolonged contact with the work of a single artist does unquestionably develop in any sensitive student (the author is certainly that) a genuine "feeling" for his work, this should surely be rationalized by careful stylistic analysis to bring out the idiosyncratic features of the artist's style. In his first chapter Dr Kozakiewicz hardly does this at all.

But even during Bellotto's lifetime Guarienti asserted that connoisseurs found it "exceedingly difficult to distinguish [Bellotto's] work from his uncle's". With such scant material to go on the problem is not perhaps ever likely to be solved in a manner satisfactory to all. In any case this is the only chapter of the book to which such criticisms apply. The greater part of Dr Kozakiewicz's two volumes contains a masterly account and analysis of the artist's work in Northern Europe. These were the production of his years of maturity when his finest and most characteristic paintings were executed. It is right that the chief emphasis of a book on Bellotto should be placed here.

A word of praise must go to the excellent production of these volumes, the colour plates and details being of a particularly high standard. The translation, too, is admirable and cannot have been easy since the book was conceived in Polish and written in German.

# Private view

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Count Seilern's view is that the age of the private collector as opposed to the public benefactor is at an end. Certainly the la… paintings in which he has his principal interest, fine examples of Rubens, is very hard to come by. But although from Count Seilern's point of view a chapter of collecting is finishing, seekers after … in other fields need not perhaps be so despairing.

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# The rhetoric of the giants

**THOMAS M. FRANCK and EDWARD WEISBAND :**

**Word Politics**

176pp. Oxford University Press. £2.70 (paperback, 90p).

Thomas Franck and Edward Weisband are concerned, as their subtitle makes plain, with "verbal strategy among the super-powers"; in other words, with the way in which they use language as an instrument of policy in place of weapons, and with what consequences. They examine three cases of direct American intervention, and one of Russian intervention, in the internal affairs of nominally independent countries—Guatemala (1954), Cuba (1962), and the Dominican Republic (1965); and Czechoslovakia (1968). The crux of the study in each case is not so much what the super-power did as what it said it was doing and how it justified it. The authors conclude that the "rhetoric" used by the United States government was diligently studied by the Russian leadership, and played back to them in 1968. Paradoxically, it thus emerges that the real authors of the Brezhnev Doctrine were three American Presidents—Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson. The outcome has been to create the impression that each side is content with a "two-ghetto" world, in which each is free to act as it pleases within its own "ghetto" provided it does not intervene in the other's.

The "two-ghetto" principle did not spring into operation ready-made. It is doubtful whether at first the United States government intended it at all, or even understood it. For Guatemala, although it is the first of the examples quoted, was not the first case of its kind. That honour belonged to Iran, where in 1953 the Central Intelligence Agency contrived the overthrow of Musaddiq. Iran, of course, lay a very long way outside what might reasonably have been defined as the American "ghetto". All three subsequent examples were in Latin America. But in 1953, when the Soviet "ghetto" had already been substantially defined, United States policy was very different. John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, was talking of "rolling back the Iron Curtain"; and his brother, Allen Dulles, at the head of CIA, was the natural instrument for doing so. Nothing of the kind was in fact achieved, but at least the Soviet Union was prevented from extending its "ghetto" to include Iran. These events deserve to be recalled as a background to the authors' first case-study, for they show that Guatemala in 1954 actually represented a retreat from the most ambitious formulations of American policy.

The principle asserted at the time of the intervention in Guatemala was that the domination or control of the political institutions of any American State by the international communist movement, extending to this hemisphere the political system of an extra-continental power, would constitute a threat to the sovereignty and political independence of the American States, endangering the peace of America.

As the authors point out, *mutatis mutandis*, this assertion was closely similar to the justification offered by the Soviet government for its intervention in Czechoslovakia in 1968 (and, for the matter of that, in Hungary in 1956). It may have been nonsensical to regard the governments of either Nagy in Budapest or Dubček in Prague as manifestations of American imperialism, but then it was probably also nonsensical to regard President Arbenz Guzman in Guatemala as a representative of Soviet Communism. The essential difference was that the American intervention in Guatemala was to some extent disguised by using expatriate forces based on Nicaragua, instead of American troops. The same was true of the fiasco of the Bay of Pigs in Cuba in 1961.

The authors are concerned, however, with the verbal presentation of what was done, not with the way the operations were mounted. They show very effectively that all the elements of the Brezhnev Doctrine of "limited sovereignty" were implicit in American pronouncements, particularly in the case of the Dominican Republic in 1965. They examine the Doctrine phrase by phrase, to show that much of it was copied virtually verbatim from American statements in 1965. The case of the Dominican Republic was more valuable from the Russian point of view than the previous cases, because it involved the actual use of American ground forces. The intervention in Czechoslovakia could therefore be seen as almost a carbon copy of that in the Dominican Republic, which was not the case with Guatemala or Cuba. The "verbal strategy" was correspondingly similar—so similar that the American government could not fail to notice it. There followed the natural inference that the Soviet government was counting on American acquiescence, which was accordingly forthcoming. The moral of the story is that such contests of verbal strategy are more likely to be won by the Russian contestants because they are both more ruthless and more subtle than their antagonists.

It is not necessary to accept so pessimistic a conclusion, for there are also examples to the contrary. Few would deny that Kennedy won the contest with Khrushchev over Cuba in 1962, and that the world would be far worse off today if he had not. The acceptance of a "two-ghetto" principle was not too high a price to pay for that success. Nor need the world remain organized in two ghettos. Indeed, there is already evidence that it is ceasing to be so organized. The authors recognize that President Nixon is showing a prudent flexibility in this regard. On the one hand, he has personally penetrated into Rumania, as well as visiting Moscow and Peking in a single year; on the other hand, he has indicated by his tolerant remarks about the Marxist government of Chile that he is by no means determined to insist on an impenetrable "ghetto" in Latin America. He has in fact cultivated what the authors call "the strategically important ability of listening to himself as if it were the enemy speaking". In this way he can be expected to avoid the folly of arming the other side with verbal ammunition to be fired back at him.

Perhaps the most interesting lesson of this book is its illumination of President Nixon's capacity for learning from experience, although that is not the author's ostensible object. He has set himself to follow the course pioneered by Kennedy rather than those of Truman, Eisenhower and Johnson. It may well be that his first moment of enlightenment came during the verbal duel between himself (as Vice-President) and Khrushchev at the Moscow Exhibition in 1959. The authors are inclined not only to congratulate President Nixon on his percipience, but also to expect that the Russian leaders will reciprocate it. They foresee that the two super-powers

can now move from the dual-ghetto patterns of subsystem interaction to a new norm that safeguards the super-powers' justified, essential strategic interests, while yet permitting much greater expression of the national individuality of smaller states within each super-power's region.

It is a heart-warming prospect, which must nevertheless be qualified by pointing out that China is barely mentioned in the book from beginning to end.

# The road to reality

**NORA BELOFF :**

**Transit of Britain**

287pp. Collins. £3.

Editors need lucky journalists as much as Napoleon needed lucky Marshals. In Nora Beloff, a succession of editors—of Reuters, *The Economist*, *The Manchester Guardian* (before it dropped the toponym), and *The Observer*—all had that essential need fulfilled. It is commonly thought that there is no such thing as a "scoop" any more, that all newspapers get the same news from the same agencies at the same time. Miss Beloff's career exposes the fallacy. She just happened to be the only member of Reuters' staff available in Paris when the news broke of de Gaulle's first resignation in 1946. She just happened to be a personal friend of Daniel Ellsberg, who leaked the "Pentagon Papers" more than twenty years later. In between, she "scooped" such experts as Sefton Delmer of the *Daily Express* on the signature of the Brussels Treaty in 1948, and the whole of the press corps in Lisbon on the scale of forces agreed by the Nato conference in 1952. It was all a matter of knowing the right people and using her wits.

So personal a business is journalism that a journalist's account of the history of a quarter of a century is also necessarily an autobiography. On the one hand, Miss Beloff has written an exhilarating account of a woman's adventures in what is still primarily a man's wonderland. On the other hand it is also a vivid synopsis of the story of Britain's transition from illusion to reality in the postwar world. Why the latter story comes so much better from a woman of Russian-Jewish ancestry than it would from a pure-bred Englishman is hard to say. Perhaps it can only be attributed to a combination of sympathy and detachment, a mixture of wit and erudition, and a capacity for being equally at home in all the major capitals of the world, except that of the land of her forebears. But at the risk of upsetting Miss Beloff's determination to claim no privileges of sex, it is impossible to omit feminine intuition and common sense.

One of her most attractive characteristics is her readiness to admit mistakes. She hits the nail on the head so often that her reputation will not suffer from a few such admissions. In 1950 she forecast that the Americans would abandon Korea on the outbreak of the war (which, incidentally, she now misdates). But in doing so she was only drawing the logical, and probably intended, conclusion from Dean Acheson's recent statement excluding Korea from the United States' security area. There was less excuse for her forecast that the six-power conference at Messina in 1955 would come to nothing, but it was a mistake which was shared by almost every competent observer in Britain. So was the mistake she made about Richard Nixon in 1962, when he was seeking election to the governorship of California. She wrote that if he were defeated, "it is generally agreed that his road to the Presidency will be irretrievably barred". It was indeed generally so agreed, but by implication she committed herself too.

There are also errors of which Miss Beloff seems to be still unaware. Some are errors of interpretation, such as her statement (contrary to all the evidence now available) that "Stalin sent help and encouragement to the Communists in Greece". Others are errors of fact, such as the very odd statement that one of the pointers towards Harold Macmillan's intentions in Europe was the appointment of Peter Thorneycroft as Minister of Defence in July, 1960—all the odder because in fact he was so appointed only two years later, when the negotiations with the EEC were already well on their way to breakdown. Miss Beloff also lacks the scholar's pedantic accuracy which requires that words attributed in inverted commas must be precisely those which were actually uttered. Like many others, she quotes Edward Heath as saying in an election speech in 1970 that he would "at a stroke reduce the rise in prices". A little research would have shown her that the only newspaper which attributed something like (but not precisely) those words to Mr Heath at the time subsequently admitted that it had made a mistake.

But it would be unfair to put each item in *Transit of Britain* under a microscope. Miss Beloff is not composing a mosaic but painting with a broad brush. The outcome is a splendid panorama, embracing London, Paris, Washington, Moscow, and outlying stations like Tiflis, Saigon and Singapore. Her pen-portraits of individuals, with all of whom Miss Beloff is on pleasantly informal terms, are percipient and generally sympathetic. She makes even the least appetizing conferences and public occasions seem significant and interesting; and she seems to have missed none of the most exciting except the Summit in Paris which Khrushchev destroyed in 1960. Reading between the lines, only one real regret can be detected in the autobiographical content of the book: that circumstances debarred her from playing an active role in the events she describes, instead of being a spectator.

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# Off-centre

DAVID C. THORNS :

**Suburbia**

175pp plus unnumbered plates. MacGibbon and Kee. £2.50.

Suburbs get a very hostile press—the adjective "suburban" is almost a term of abuse—yet more and more of us live in them and like it. David Thorns examines this paradox and comes to the conclusion that suburbs are not such bad places after all.

Tracing their origin and development in this country, the United States, France and Japan, he restates the rather well-known fact that the spread and decentralization of the city is becoming the predominant characteristic of urban development in the advanced industrial nations of the world. It is interesting to be shown in detail how closely the mushroom growth of suburbs in this century is related to improvements in public transport. When the horse-drawn carriage was the only means of commuting, suburban living was the privilege of the rich. Cheap omnibuses put suburbs within reach of all in the space of a few years. Now private car ownership is beginning to produce a similar upheaval in population distribution.

Does living in a suburb promote a particular way of life? Mr Thorns concludes that the typical suburb-dweller is not altogether a myth. He tends to be family and home-centred, sees his work as mainly instrumental, and spends his spare time improving his house and garden. But contrary to the image propagated by some American writers, he does not indulge in wife-swapping, nor is his life a constant round of parties. Particularly in working-class suburbs, there is rather little social contact between neighbours. On the other hand the theory that suburban housewives suffer from a high rate of mental illness due to their social isolation seems equally unsupported by the evidence. Nor are they particularly concerned to keep up with the Joneses, or more liable to vote Conservative than would be expected from their class identification.

For the average working-class family, moving to a suburban council housing estate, the balance of social gain and loss probably ends up on the positive side. The rich, dense, but sometimes oppressive extended family network must be exchanged, if only in part, for a closer, mutually supportive marital relationship. Mr Thorns may be right to argue that the social advantages of suburban living have been underrated.

What he almost entirely leaves out are the larger social and environmental problems involved in the spread of suburbia. These he astonishingly dismisses in his last but one page as not having reached "serious proportions". Perhaps not, by comparison with the creeping paralysis of Tokyo. But anyone with his eyes open can see that the fatal disease which blights all the great American cities is already spreading rapidly here. So Manchester stretches black fingers ever deeper into Cheshire and Derby, while the city centre is torn apart for office blocks and the inner residential districts, once suburbs themselves, are devastated by neglect and outdated concepts of planning.

This blind spot limits the value of an otherwise informative and well-argued book. It is indicative that Mr Thorns dismisses as "unduly sensitive" Lewis Mumford's perception that "the ultimate effect of the suburban escape in our time, is, ironically, a low grade uniform environment from which escape is impossible".

# The thought police

PAUL O'HIGGINS :

**Censorship in Britain**

232pp. Nelson. £3.

The author of this short, workmanlike book is chairman of the Cambridge and district group of the National Council for Civil Liberties, an organization not vastly admired by the police, as their internal publications make plain. It would be a pity if their understandable resentment of NCCL activities led them to neglect Paul O'Higgins's book, for there is much in it that might be *studied with profit* by those whose duties, heaven help them, include the application of our mishmash of legal rules controlling the communication of information and ideas. Lawyers, too, if they can bring themselves not to bridle at a colleague's characterization of them as "pathologically coy" about censorship, will find much of value in his careful, lucid summary of a notoriously confused, and confusing, subject.

But Dr O'Higgins is writing primarily for the layman. His book is just the sort to provoke a lively discussion among, say, a group of bright sixth-formers, and could be used for this purpose with confidence. For it is 95 per cent factual, and the only axes Dr O'Higgins chooses to grind are on freedom of *thought* and expression, which he holds to be a good thing, and on the application of reason to human affairs, which he believes to be both possible and desirable. In other words, he is an educator not a campaigner. If he manages to dredge up some pretty absurd examples (creative director of an advertising agency: "Non-European models don't count as nudes"; Nottingham hairdresser: "If you bring in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* to read at work you'll be dismissed instantly"; secretary of the D notice committee: "No one's mentioned all the successes I've had, just by knowing the journalists and telling them not to do something"), one is left in no doubt that his target is irrationality rather than censorship as such.

In his view, certain restrictions on the expression of opinion and on the communication of information remain desirable, perhaps essential, to life in a civilized society. But the essence of a civilized society is that restrictions should be imposed on rational grounds; the essence of British censorship is that its rules and practices have never been subjected to scrutiny. "Censorship as practised in this country consists of an extraordinary amalgam of sense and nonsense, of enlightenment and cruelty, of stupidity and absurdity, which could never be justified as a whole by any sensible person." So he calls for a thorough investigation into the operation of censorship in different sectors of society.

His own courageous book makes a good beginning. That sex censorship occupies a far smaller proportion of it than would have been the case ten years ago reflects the recent growth of tolerance in this area. Important restrictions remain, however, on the collection, dissemination, and exchange of information, opinions, and ideas, in this and many other fields. Dr O'Higgins reminds us of some disturbing facts. Until 1967 at least, every telegram entering and leaving this country was intercepted by the security services—and this pr was not so much as referred to i privy councillors' 1957 report on phone tapping. The BBC has no lawed the use of bugging device journalists in its employ, though stricting such methods to "c stances which would be extre rare". The civil servants who cide on applications for s security benefits are supplied books interpreting the law and te them how to exercise the discre which the law gives them; t books are confidential documen which applicants and their adv are refused access. Dr O'Hi has made a strong case for the in tigation he calls for.

Not the least valuable feature *Censorship in Britain* are its re of the fourth earl of Chesterf 1737 speech on a Bill to Li Dramatic Performances, "one of classics of English libertarian li ture", and its bibliography, w regrettably omits Gershon Le pioneering study, *Love & D* (1949).

# More means more

JOHN LAWLOR (Editor) :

**Higher Education**
Patterns of Change in the 1970s

155pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.25.

It is always a pleasure to be able to recommend an interesting book on education, since education seems to attract to itself the authors who, though undoubtedly worthy and sometimes scholarly, are nearly always dull. However, John Lawlor has collected a series of essays which are of considerable interest and which, by what might almost pass as a miracle, are exceedingly well written.

Nothing W. H. G. Armytage writes could be dull, and occasionally he rises to great heights of lucidity and intelligence. Working on the safe assumption that there will be a greatly increased number of students in the future, he attempts to forecast what that future will be in a most thoro examination of *all the recent* posals which have appeared for economizing in resources for devising new structures higher education; and he ar convincingly for a structure w is much more diverse and va than our present one. He points that in all the ferment of re and proposals very little is act done to achieve change. This is theme of all the contribut such as those by A. B. Pippard Arnold Kettle, and also of interesting and fascinating essa William Walsh on "educatio life" which, despite its deeply pressing title, deserves the thorough study.

In short, of all the recent b that have appeared on the futur higher education, a topic now much in the news, this is likel be one which will be freque consulted and which contains co butions of considerable merit.

# Technicians together

B. C. ROBERTS, RAY LOVERIDGE, JOHN GENNARD, J. V. EASON and others :

**Reluctant Militants**
A Study of Industrial Technicians.

342pp. Heinemann Educational. £4.80.

*Reluctant Militants* describes the trade union organization and attitudes of a small selection of technicians employed in the chemical, metal, engineering, electrical goods and vehicle industries. The survey was conducted with the aid of a grant from the Social Science Research Council. About fifty firms were approached, and fourteen agreed to give full cooperation. Neither of the two principal unions involved, the technical section of the AUEW—formerly the Draughtsmen's and Allied Technicians' Association—or ASTMS, gave official support. Just under 1,200—about 60 per cent of the technicians in the firms covered—responded to questionnaires.

Unfortunately, the survey was regionally unbalanced. Half of the establishments were in the South-East, where the density of trade union organization among technicians, particularly among draughtsmen, is lower than in other industrial areas. The highest density is, in order of strength, Northern Ireland, Wales, Scotland and the north-east coast.

The findings need also to be qualified by the fact that 40 per cent of the technicians did not respond to the questionnaires. It would be interesting to know how many of these were trade union members and how many decided not to cooperate because their unions had not given official support to the investigation.

The finding of the survey was that 56 per cent of the laboratory technicians were members of a trade union, 43 per cent of the draughtsmen, 37 per cent of the quality-control technicians and 22 per cent of the planning and production engineers. This gives a misleading impression of the extent of trade union organization among these various groups within the main firms of the engineering and allied industries; among draughtsmen, for example, it is certainly much higher than 43 per cent.

In spite of these serious qualifications, the survey has produced some interesting results. A majority of engineering technicians are young, and they come from working-class homes. Their standard of education is modest. Among draughtsmen, for example, only 29 per cent went to a grammar school. In their attitude to their work technicians are often dissatisfied. They usually feel that their pay differential over skilled manual workers is inadequate and they are uncertain about their career prospects. The survey concludes that trade union organization will continue to grow among technicians and that equally they will continue to become more militant.

Whether or not technicians are reluctant to become militant is arguable. Certainly, some groups of technicians show reluctance, but the evidence for many draughtsmen points in the other direction. The survey indicates that for a number of years the Draughtsmen's and Allied Technicians' Association spent a higher proportion of its income on dispute benefit than any other British trade union. The tenacity of draughtsmen in wage disputes became well known to many employers.

The two unions organizing the technicians covered in the survey have followed very different p The main strength of the techn section of the AUEW is in dra offices, whereas ASTMS came existence as an amalgamation tween two unions catering re tively for supervisors and scien workers. The survey found, as to be expected, that draughts were generally more militant their attitude than other groups technicians.

The draughtsmen's union exi for many years as an independ strong and financially sound or ization. It eventually decided ballot vote to amalgamate with main engineering workers' u Its orientation has been tow the creation of an industrial u based primarily on the enginee industry. ASTMS, on the other h has grown more rapidly and has veloped into a white-collar gen workers' union. It has extended organization wherever its inter have taken it.

The survey found that there evidence for the belief that m companies have actually preferred make agreements with ASTMS ra than with DATA. ASTMS, it is s gested, places far more reliance the technical mastery of the nego ing process than on the assertion collective sanctions. The AST strike record, moreover, does compare with that of DATA and far as employers are concerned, cording to the survey "actions sp louder than words".

One conclusion which emerge that it is dangerous to genera about all technicians. This is il trated not only by the strong dis larity between the technical sec of the AUEW and ASTMS but by the different history of group technical workers in the enginee chemical and related industries.


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# Heroically fatuous

ORM JAMESON :

here will Be a Short Interval

3pp. Harvill Press. £2.25.

o be told, as is the 52-year-old ademic in Storm Jameson's new ovel, that he must choose either to e slowly or to risk death on the erating table does, of course, con ntrate a man's mind wonderfully. also offers the novelist a well led formula for flashback (to rot ng corpses heaped in the concen ation camp and other earlier con ontations with death) and for step d-up action—what of the unresol d love affair, the debt owed to a glected student son, the guilt to rds an unloved mother? But SJ, he likes to be known, is above the disinterested man, "a born rc", someone who has never ken up the challenge of success. ose handful of monographs is ly likely to last "a perceptible action as long as the half-sheet paper on which Rembrandt pen lled the head and hands of a name ss old man". Too late, he realized at his adored but ailing wife pre rred hypochondria to his company; en the hope of a Chair, it seems, is w to be denied him.

Yet events, during his week of vate and painful stocktaking, do ggest that SJ is not merely neces y to the lives of others, but that his particular brand of "heroic fatuity" will be a loss to what Miss Jameson sees as the ethos of civilization. His mother, a remarkably awful portrait of a famous literary Dame, totally egotistical, voracious in her sacrifice of any and all private situations on the altar of her "genius", is found dead. And the police are not wholly satisfied that some violent intruder had not induced the fatal heart attack. It happens that SJ, visiting his son Simon's Bloomsbury attic, has belatedly heard precisely how intolerable a bullying grandmother can be—even now stealing for copy Simon's love letters, and, what is more, letters from a discarded mistress whose suicide could be laid at Simon's door. And despite the father-son confrontation of ideals and ethics, blood is thick enough to compel SJ's complicity in protecting the boy.

It is, in fact, the confrontation which chiefly concerns Miss Jameson, and the voices and mores of her characters too clearly exist purely as a framework for arguing the toss of civilization. Dame Retta blasts the old call of committed self-interest whose battles for justice and freedom mask bigotry and intellectual greed—her biographer will ensure the perpetuation of the myth. Simon, at 19, is a fashionable scourge of today—"Politics are irrelevant, ideologies are irrelevant"—and to stand gracefully aside from the holocaust of pollution, overkill and the insanity of the system is his only offering. Yet SJ himself is hardly the man to argue with the new nihilism. He can be angered, apparently, by the "collapse into amorphism, epilepsy, impotence" of modern painting; he can be saddened and even goaded into wanting to live by the mocking of his liberal views; but his own brand of disengagement which embraces neither ambition nor religious faith but merely the intangible conviction of "civilized values" is not perhaps a very effective counter in the battle of the generation gap.

Moreover, Miss Jameson is not always in tune with the voices of either side, and the robustness of her own disapproval occasionally obtrudes too obviously. It would surely, for instance, be unlikely for young Simon to refer to "people as ignorant as Congolese Savages", or for SJ not to read the obituaries of his mother. For SJ to exult in the joy of living (and dine at his club on salmon and the finest claret) because a filthy apocalyptical beggar has reviled the West End cinema queue is no relevant contribution to his concept of civilization. It is his privilege, and Miss Jameson's, to brood elegiacally on what has been destroyed, but his failing—at least in a novel confronting death—to comment only that he has made a "quite unnecessary fuss".

# Give us strength

VA KILPI :

mara

6pp. Helsinki: Werner Söder röm Osakeyhtiö. F mk 22.

the Scandinavian issue of the *TLS* eptember 10, 1971) another Finn, a Pennanen, described Eeva Kilpi one of the few Finnish authors o had tried to come to grips with *role of women in Finland:*

er short stories deal with deli ate matters of the relationship between the sexes without embellishment or distortion. . . . Her way of depicting a woman's sexual experience is a new departure. . . . Painful and alarming as this might be for those who cling to convenional ideas, . . . it is extending the range of Finnish literature.

Miss Kilpi's latest book, *Tamara* ailable only in Finnish), develops themes of her short stories and shock not only the conventional the usual sense of the word, but y even upset the conventional icals. In itself a fantasy, *Tamara* also a comment on present-day life Finland, a country that is experiing immense economic and social nges and where within one *eration a large part of the population* has been transplanted from a rural into a highly sophisticated urban environment. Traditional values have been shattered and many Finns find themselves isolated both physically and spiritually. The quality of life in such circumstances comes to depend ultimately on the nature of emotional relationships. Miss Kilpi sees no place for ideology here and in *Tamara* she does not so much reject as ignore traditional and radical moralities. Her own values are founded on genuine feeling and emotion and within this framework she explores, through the character of Tamara, the role of women. It is a world in which men are the weaker sex, all bound one way or another to Tamara, who uses or nurtures them as the situation demands.

The anonymous narrator of the story depends totally on her for his emotional life; paralysed from the waist down, he is able to achieve "cerebral orgasm" and thus enjoy a sex life by identifying himself with various men in Tamara's accounts of her own sexual experiences. Through him a picture of Tamara emerges: middle-aged, a psychiatrist—possibly a social worker—in a mental hospital, a befriender of the emotionally inadequate wherever she finds them. She requires three things of life: *love, work,* and a sense of continuity. The last is provided by the narrator, her former teacher and for many years her companion. The first consists essentially of ephemeral but regular sexual relations taken very seriously and very selectively. The climax of the novel concerns her affair with an "ordinary" man, a type she rarely meets. Yet even he is not completely normal for he turns out to be impotent, a disability finally overcome by Tamara's perseverance. Soon afterwards he ends the affair and the final part of the book analyses the distress suffered by her and thus by the narrator.

Although Miss Kilpi's imagery and delightfully evocative description of the countryside stamp her novel as unmistakably Finnish, it contains much that is relevant to any rapidly changing society. *Tamara* is far more than a fine piece of erotic writing. It is a refreshingly unfashionable approach to love in its fullest sense, it is about the concern of one human being for another, and about respect for others however emotionally or physically deprived they may be. At a time when social criticism of one kind or another dominates much of Finnish literature, it is encouraging to find an author who so successfully incorporates a measure of social comment into a piece of imaginative writing.

# Out of contact

EBORG BACHMANN :

ultan

pp. Munich: Piper. DM 22.

must continue to admire Inge Bachmann's versatility, ther writing poetry, short ries or even a novel, her per tion of the finer nuances of tionships is unfailingly accurate. asionally she veers towards indulgence and her introspec verges on the narcissistic; but instinct usually saves her from excesses.

or Ingeborg Bachmann human haviour is irrational. The self the supreme referent in her eme of things, and in these five ies about women fixated on the or some inchoate ideal she plores individual emotional devement. All five women are emonally unable to approach reality d to orientate their lives accordgly. Memories hold promises that in some way have never been realized; cherished ideals become distorted in the daily ritual; fantasies dominate and result in sad, lonely figures, dislocated women longing for contact (but on their own terms) in a flavourless world.

All five are the products of a pseudo-sophisticated Vienna, a world of small-town gossip and bitchiness. It is a world that has always fascinated Ingeborg Bachmann and which she knows well. However, she is concerned with exploring emotional problems rather than distilling the sociological reasons for the behaviour patterns of individuals in a particular society. These vignettes are basically varieties of one kind of experience. These women all express doubts and frustrations about worlds that have disappeared or in some cases exist only in the mind. They play roles or hide behind masks, while their relationships are transient.

Thus the simultaneous translator of the title story (the weakest in the collection) is at the end of her tether, fleeing a world in which people simply talk past one another. Beatrix, who is happiest when asleep, can survive the world outside her dreams only by spending hours at her hairdresser, the creator of more illusions. Miranda takes refuge in her extreme short-sightedness, astonished that people can bear what they are literally forced to see around them: she prefers her "blindness".

The best and most moving stories are the last two. In "Das Gebell" the sad Frau Jordan chooses to believe the fiction of a kind and thoughtful son rather than break the veil of deception, to which she herself has contributed, and so deprive her last years of some meaning. "Drei Wege zum See" shows there is no way back, that memories cruelly deceive and cheat us: a realization faced negatively by fleeing and endless searching. If there is a dominant mood in these stories it is one of nostalgia, of what might have been: bitter and ironic acknowledgment that life plays cruel tricks.


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**GOLLANCZ**

# The creations of the satirist

H. JAMES JENSEN and MALVIN R. ZIRKER, JR (Editors) :

**The Satirist's Art**

113pp. Indiana University Press. (AUPG). £2.90.

JOHN E. SITTER :

**The Poetry of Pope's "Dunciad"**

136pp. Minnesota University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2.75.

HOWARD ERSKINE-HILL :

**Pope : The Dunciad**

72pp. Edward Arnold. 70p (paperback, 45p).

In 1970 a symposium on satire was held at Indiana University, and the three lecturers invited to speak addressed themselves to discussing the nature and art of satire, each focusing on one satirist: Earl Miner on Dryden, Michael Rosenblum on Pope, and Ernest Tuveson on Swift. Those lectures, now published as *The Satirist's Art*, are introduced by H. James Jensen and have an afterword by Malvin R. Zirker which provides some further discussion of the views put forward. In such circumstances one does not look for agreement or a final solution of all the mysteries, but one expects (and one gets) a stimulating and intelligent discussion.

Mr Miner, remembering that "intention" is at present a dirty word in contemporary criticism, prefers to say that for the poet satire is a "deliberate act" of transformation: the poet, as Dryden said, can show things as better (panegyric) or worse (satire) than they actually are. He could, of course, simply imitate nature, but if he chooses to go beyond what is normally felt to be the truth, that truth must at least remain in the background of his consciousness. By taking this position Mr Miner is able to emphasize the process of creation that enters into all great satire, and so to distinguish satire from mere moral condemnation.

In his discussion of Swift Mr Tuveson is mainly concerned to show how Swift manoeuvred his reader into a position which made detachment impossible and personal involvement inevitable. He has a good deal to say about the satirical *persona*, which has been something of a talking-point in recent years, but is not entirely happy in his discussion of its presence or absence in the *Argument against Abolishing Christianity*. He apparently disagrees with those who assume that Swift is working here by means of a *persona*, "a nominal Christian puppet", and is convinced that the *Argument* is "deliberately, openly ironic". Yet in the very next sentence he says that towards the end of this satirical pamphlet Swift "drops any mask he has put on". At the conclusion of his discussion of *Gulliver's Travels* Mr Tuveson deplores the misleading notion that Swift was not in control of his creative work, and one gladly agrees with him. But is this notion so misleading when applied to the *Argument*? No one seems willing to suppose that if Swift did adopt a nominal Christian as his *persona* in this piece, he occasionally slipped into open authorial irony, either because he saw a satirical opening and could not resist taking it, or because he was afraid his ironical stance would be misunderstood, and he would end up in the same dilemma as the author of *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*.

To Mr Tuveson this, no doubt, is heresy. But did Swift never put a foot wrong? Can not he *sometimes* be given an alpha minus? On *Gulliver's Travels* Mr Tuveson radiates good sense; and having reminded us that satire tends to correct by exaggeration and excess, he goes on to add that in reading Gulliver's story "we should be wary of highly complex discoveries in content". How ironical, indeed, that Swift, "who in *A Tale of a Tub* ridiculed just this kind of subtlety, should have become its object himself".

In what is perhaps the most challenging lecture of the three ("Pope's Illusive Temple of Infamy") Mr Rosenblum goes several steps beyond Mr Miner's "transformation", and argues that what we are getting in great satire is pure creation. The satirist is not just a moralist whose aim is to awaken his readers to some evil in themselves or in the world about them, and who seeks by his "persuasive speech" to move them to some remedial course of action. Trailing his coat somewhat, Mr Rosenblum offers us a different approach altogether.

As T. S. Eliot said of Ben Jonson's satire, it is great not by hitting off its object, but by creating it: the satire "is merely the means which leads to the aesthetic result, the impulse which projects a new world into a new orbit". Encouraged by this voice of authority, Mr Rosenblum goes on to claim that the satirist is compelled to write satire for the same reason the lyric poet is moved to song; he does not really hate lawyers, quack doctors, bad poets—"he just sees their artistic possibilities and is drawn to them as the landscape painter is to picturesque waterfalls". Swift's real object, therefore, was not to discredit Partridge the astrologer so much as "to show what the ingenious satirist can accomplish".

Mr Rosenblum is going a bit too far, and he knows it; but he is anxious to emphasize the creative element in great satire, and to account for the fact that a poem like the *Dunciad* can continue to appeal to the imagination long after most of the immediate objects of the satire have passed into unkindly oblivion. When he comes to his discussion of the *Dunciad* he makes some small concessions to those who hold the view of satire he has just rejected: the poem, he admits, "reveals satire's peculiar combination of private motivation and disinterestedness, moral rhetoric and autonomous poetry". But the private motivation and the moral rhetoric are not what he wants to talk about. Acknowledging his debt to Aubrey Williams, he says firmly:

> Pope and the reader are not interested in who the dunce is, but only in what can be made of him. This seems to me the general issue in *The Dunciad*: how may the deeds of dullness be converted into an act of wit?

For the words "Pope and the reader" we should perhaps substitute "The twentieth-century reader". Pope and his early readers were certainly interested in such a well-known character as Orator Henley in a way that we cannot quite be; the picture of Henley "tuning his voice and balancing his hands" was as real to many eighteenth-century readers as Malcolm Muggeridge is to twentieth-century viewers of television. Has the modern tendency to dissociate the *Dunciad* from its contemporary context gone, perhaps, a little too far? When Aesop's fox had lost his tail he went about trying to persuade other foxes of the uselessness of tails; and the scholar who invites us virtually to ignore the identity of Pope's dunces may be suspected of doing so because he doesn't want to be bothered with them. This is not to deny that the poem has a significance and an imaginative vision that go far beyond the inadequacies of Theobald or Cibber. Nor is it to detract from the value of Mr Rosenblum's lecture, which is provocative in the best sense and full of intelligent comments.

John E. Sitter's *The Poetry of Pope's "Dunciad"* is the second book to be devoted wholly to Pope's poem; indeed, it is the third if we include Howard Erskine-Hill's briefer but comprehensive *Pope: The Dunciad*, published in Arnold's "Studies in English Literature" series. Mr Sitter's first approach to the poem is by way of its imagery; and here he points to the constant suggestions of generic confusion and of vague, half-formed, mis-shapen creatures ("embryo", "abortion", "sooterkins"), of mud and slime and excrement, of dissonance, of circular motion, and of much else. All this is useful enough, but he has some more original points to make when he comes to consider the structure of the poem.

In so far as it is mock epic, the *Dunciad*, he suggests, has a closer link with Sir Richard Blackmore than has so far been realized. In his "Essay upon Epick Poetry" Blackmore (whom Mr Sitter rather unfairly calls a "hack") had deliberately set himself in opposition to the usual definition of an epic poem as a story turning upon some great action, and substituted the words "an important enterprise, or great suffering" of some illustrious person; it was enough that the protagonist should be "an eminent sufferer", he need not be "a man of uncommon merit" or even "a good or a wise person", and he need not be even a man, since "no reason, as I believe, can be assign'd why a Heroine may not be the principal person of an epick". And finally, Blackmore took up the almost unique position that there was no reason why the hero should come out on top, since "the end of the epick poet may be equally attan'd tho' the event should be unfortunate".

Applying those heterodox statements to the *Dunciad*, Mr Sitter suggests that Pope had them all in mind when he was writing his poem, and was therefore carrying Blackmore's dubious propositions to their logical conclusion. If Cibber is the hero, he is just the sort of hero that Blackmore should accept: he does little or nothing throughout the poem, he is almost completely passive, a sufferer. He is certainly not a man of uncommon merit, and the outcome of the poem in which he appears is calamitous. As for the choice of a hero or heroine, is Cibber really the "chief person" of the poem? Mr Sitter is willing to believe that the real protagonist is a woman, Dullness herself. Mr Sitter's argument is ingenious, but it is open to objection. So far as passivity and lack of uncommon merit or wisdom are concerned, Cibber fits the role admirably; but in the imagined world of the *Dunciad* the outcome can hardly be said to be calamitous—it celebrates the triumph of Dullness and her chosen son. Mr Sitter has shifted his point of view again when he argues that the poem has not a hero, but a heroine: if Dullness is the heroine, then Cibber is something less than the hero, and any conclusions drawn from his passivity and lack of eminence lose much of their relevance.

Mr Sitter is trying to have it both ways, and he clearly thinks that Pope was too. But if Pope was really bent on demonstrating the absurdity of Blackmore's critical opinions, why did he not give the reader some hint in his elaborate commentary? Why has it been left to Mr Sitter to discover after more than 200 years what no one seems to have discovered before? And if Dullness is really the protagonist, why did Pope allow Warburton to write a long piece called "Ricardus Aristarchus. Of the Hero of the Poem", which is concerned with Cibber? Was Warburton not in the Blackmore secret?

Mr Sitter is at his best in his final chapter, where he relates Pope's early poem, *The Temple of Fame*, to the *Dunciad*, his "Temple of Infamy". (It is odd that Mr Sitter and Mr Rosenblum should have hit upon this apt phrase, no doubt independently.) Mr Sitter explores the relationship fully and shows especially the element of "vision", arguing that both poems "have a slender thread of narrative which helps give them unity, but their essential 'design' is the relation of a vision rather than the narration of a story". This element has also been remarked by Mr Erskine-Hill, who observes that "what we might term the vision of dullness repeatedly overwhelms the more secure, rational pattern of mock-heroic contrast". Worked out in detail, Mr Sitter's discussion of vision is impressive, as is his suggestion that Pope was recalling his own early poem "On Silence" (itself a parody of Rochester's "Upon Nothing") at various points in the *Dunciad*, and more especially in the magnificent passage that brings the poem to a close.

In his emphasis on vision Mr Sitter conveniently forgets Martinus Scriblerus, Of the Poem, where the *Dunciad* is treated as an epic. He has also forgotten for the moment his own earlier discussion of Blackmore's possible influence on the form of the poem and seems to be overstating his case when for him the real subject of the poem is dullness, not the dunces who are only there "in the way of exemplification" and to make the abstraction dullness visible. But we cannot have all the truth, and Mr Sitter he does at least bring out sharply and effectively those parts of the truth he happens to be looking at. In a study which sets out to demonstrate the *poetry* of the poem he has frequently and successfully done just what he intended to do.

# Disinterring Defoe

PAT ROGERS (Editor) :

**Defoe : The Critical Heritage**

228pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3.75.

DANIEL DEFOE :

**Memoirs of a Cavalier**

Edited by James T. Boulton

318pp. Oxford University Press. £3.

The graph of Defoe's posthumous reputation is odder than most. In his own day he was widely read, and frequently attacked for what he had written; sometimes, indeed, for what he had not written. Yet soon after his death he was almost forgotten; or, if he was remembered, it was probably as a contentious pamphleteer who had once stood in the pillory. As Pat Rogers reminds us in this new volume in the "Critical Heritage" series, almost all of Defoe's vast output was published anonymously; and if the reading public of the later eighteenth century failed to give him credit for what he had written, it was partly because they did not realize he had written it. *Robinson Crusoe* must have kept his name alive to some extent, for although it too had been published without his name, the fact of his authorship leaked out almost at once; but to the simple-minded reader the author of the book was Crusoe himself, and many of those who knew better probably tended to think of it as a sort of natural literary deposit.

In his introduction Dr Rogers traces the gradual emergence of Defoe's reputation as a writer; but anything like a detailed (or even unpatronizing) appreciation of his fiction was slow to develop. What was mainly responsible for holding back critical approval was nineteenth-century gentility. Even Hazlitt, in a thoroughly unsympathetic article in the *Edinburgh Review* (1830), could tell his readers that "*Moll Flanders* is utterly vile and detestable", and that vice in Defoe's fiction "by losing all its refinement, loses all its attraction". At last, quite unexpectedly in 1856, there comes a remarkably competent discussion of Defoe's fiction in the *National Review*, as good as any that has appeared since. Dr Rogers tells us that there are grounds for believing it to be the work of Walter Bagehot; it has certainly got Bagehot's habit of sweeping writers together into contrasting categories and of making pregnant generalizations about literature. This is the longest and best piece of criticism Dr Rogers has to offer; and from there we descend, but not abruptly, to Leslie Stephen, and finally to William Minto. In his introduction Dr Rogers takes us right up to the present day, and we have the whole life and strange, surprising adventures of Defoe's reputation, from Swift's "the Fellow that was pilloryed, I have forgot his Name" to the innumerable books and articles now appearing which subject Defoe's writings to an intense scrutiny that would have astonished him. It is all rather like Edgar Wallace coming into his own in AD 2500.

Since it was Defoe's aim in virtually all his works of fiction to pass off the first-person narrator as the actual author, *Memoirs of a Cavalier* (1720) was for long accepted as an authentic account by a seventeenth-century soldier of his military career in the Swedish army and in the English Civil War. The rather tentative attribution to Defoe came in an edition of 1784, but it is still not many years since A. W. Secord, after an exhaustive investigation of Defoe's sources, was able to show conclusively that the *Memoirs* were "essentially a compilation based on previously printed biographies, memoirs and histories". Yet most readers would never have suspected it, for Defoe is a master at this sort of plausible reconstruction. James Boulton's edition is a model of unobtrusive and sensible editing: his introduction, explanatory notes, glossary of military terms and biographical index give the modern reader any help he may need to enjoy what is more than half way to being an historical novel.


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# An iron mind in an iron body

IAN SIMPSON ROSS :

**Lord Kames and the Scotland of his Day**

420pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £6.

Eighteenth-century Scottish judges are doing rather well for themselves just now. Ian Ross's book on Lord Kames comes hard on the heels of a lively study of Lord Monboddo by E. L. Cloyd and soon after another book on Kames by William Lehmann. Kames and Monboddo were rivals in their own day and they must be savouring a rare celestial satisfaction at being brought before the public again at the same time. Both were prominent in the Scottish Enlightenment. Both were philosophers, sociologists, literary theorists, would-be scientists, and practical farmers, as well as brothers on the Bench of the Court of Session. Both wrote an enormous amount, though Monboddo readily conceded precedence in that particular contest; when asked by Kames whether he had read the latter's *Elements of Criticism*, he replied: "I have not, my lord. You write a great deal faster than I am able to read."

There was an important difference between them. Monboddo looked backwards, Kames forwards. Monboddo is sometimes called a precursor of Darwin because he believed in the evolution of man (while Kames believed only in the evolution of society); but like the Greeks, whom he so revered, Monboddo thought that the Golden Age was in the past: there had been a continuous decline in the culture, the morals, and indeed the physical stature of mankind; to recall the virtues of the past we should seek a life of simplicity and rigour, eating plain food, exercising naked, and taking cold baths out of doors. Kames was a modern. He saw progress in history and was a deliberate improver. Monboddo was more learned, perhaps more intelligent, but Kames had more sense, achieved greater success, and wielded vastly more influence. Kames's accomplishment did not go so far as the prediction of Sir Alexander Dick that he would come to be "esteemed our Scotch Bacon", yet the comparison was not a silly one. Although Kames did not reach the eminence of Hume or Adam Smith in any single field of inquiry, his range was wider than theirs and he stimulated them, and many others, to plough new fields.

Professor Ross's biography rightly depicts Kames against the background of the "Scotland of his Day", and we learn much from the book about intellectual and social life in Edinburgh, the legal system, and economic progress, especially in agriculture. Kames the man, the judge, the practical improver, comes out vividly. Kames the thinker is delineated less sharply. Professor Ross writes at some length of Kames's more important books, and shows us that *Principles of Equity* counts in the history of jurisprudence and *Elements of Criticism* in the history of literary theory. No one writer, other than Kames himself, could comment with the necessary depth of understanding on all Kames's works. A philosopher, for example, might query one or two of Professor Ross's remarks about the *Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion*. This is to be expected. On the whole Professor Ross shows an admirable catholicity of knowledge in explaining the significance of Kames's writings, whether in philosophy or criticism, law or sociology, agriculture or education. He is most at home with *Elements of Criticism*, naturally enough since his own field of study is English literature. One might indeed have expected him to go farther in the appraisal of this book, instead of modestly concentrating on the opinions of other scholars of the past and present.

Kames could be plain-spoken, and even crude, in his mode of expression. He is beautifully caught in a vignette by Scott in *Redgauntlet* that begins: "'What's the matter with the auld bitch next?' said an acute metaphysical judge, though somewhat coarse in his manners, aside to his brethren." Perhaps because of his language and his occasionally grim wit, Kames acquired the reputation of being a hanging judge. This accords ill with his writings on jurisprudence and indeed with his character. Professor Ross, not content with tales, has looked for real evidence and finds that Kames's decisions, when compared with those of other judges who sat with him, show some bias towards leniency. The popular opinion of him probably arose as much from his conceit as from his language. This is certainly true of a "Song in the character of Lord Kames" written by Boswell. Hume, despite earlier sincere professions of warm friendship, once called Kames "the most arrogant man in the world". It seems that a streak of egoism in Kames repelled, after a time, many of the younger people whom he regarded as his "*élèves*".

Boswell was one of these, and shuttled between admiration and detraction of his mentor. He decided that Kames was worthy of a "life" and obtained permission to record, at a number of interviews, Kames's recollections and opinions. When Kames was dying Boswell was desperately anxious, as he was with Hume, to hear the thoughts of a great man on the after-life. "It was very unsatisfactory", he wrote, "to be with a very Old Men, and a Judge, and perceive nothing venerable, nothing edifying, nothing solemnly pious at the close of life."

Boswell has obviously caught Professor Ross's imagination and is the second main character in this book. He has some shrewd things to say about Boswell "in search of a father? or a subject?" in relation both to Kames and to Johnson:

> It may well be that part of Boswell's impulse as a biographer was a desire to form, through artistic re-creation, an image of the truly acceptable father to replace the one which nature had given him.

Lord Kames's energy was astonishing. He continued to write books, on old subjects and new, in his eighties. *The Gentleman Farmer* was published at eighty-one, *Elucidations Respecting the Common and Statute Law of Scotland* at eighty-two, *Select Decisions of the Court of Session* at eighty-four, and *Loose Hints on Education* at eighty-five, a year before his death. It is no wonder that Hume described him as "an iron mind in an iron body", or that Boswell once admonished himself to "be always like Lord Kames, doing something". Kames himself is said to have remarked to Dr Cullen, a couple of days before his death: "Doctor as I never could be idle in this world, I shall willingly perform any task that may be imposed upon me in the next."

Such a man was indeed worthy of a "life", and it is a pity that Boswell abandoned the task he had set himself. Instead, A. F. Tytler, another advocate and judge who had been associated with Kames in his later years, was prevailed upon to write two volumes of "Memoirs", a rather tedious work of piety, though a useful source of information as much about contemporaries as about Kames himself. More recently, after the discovery of Boswell's private papers, including his notes on Kames, there have been some scholarly studies of aspects of Kames's work, especially in literary theory. Professor Ross's book is the first genuine biography of Lord Kames, and it does ample justice to its subject, a prodigious character in a prodigious era.

Two volumes of papers read before the Aristotelian Society have been published by Methuen. *Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society*, Volume LXXII, 1971-1972 (291 pages £2.50) contains fourteen miscellaneous papers, the contributors including Martha Kneale, Renford Bambrough, Jonathan Barnes and the late Bishop Ramsay. *The Aristotelian Society*, Supplementary Volume XLVI (234 pages £2.50) contains the papers read at a joint session of the Society with the Mind Association at Hull University last July, the contributors including Alan R. White, W. B. Gallie, Philippa Foot, and D. M. MacKinnon.


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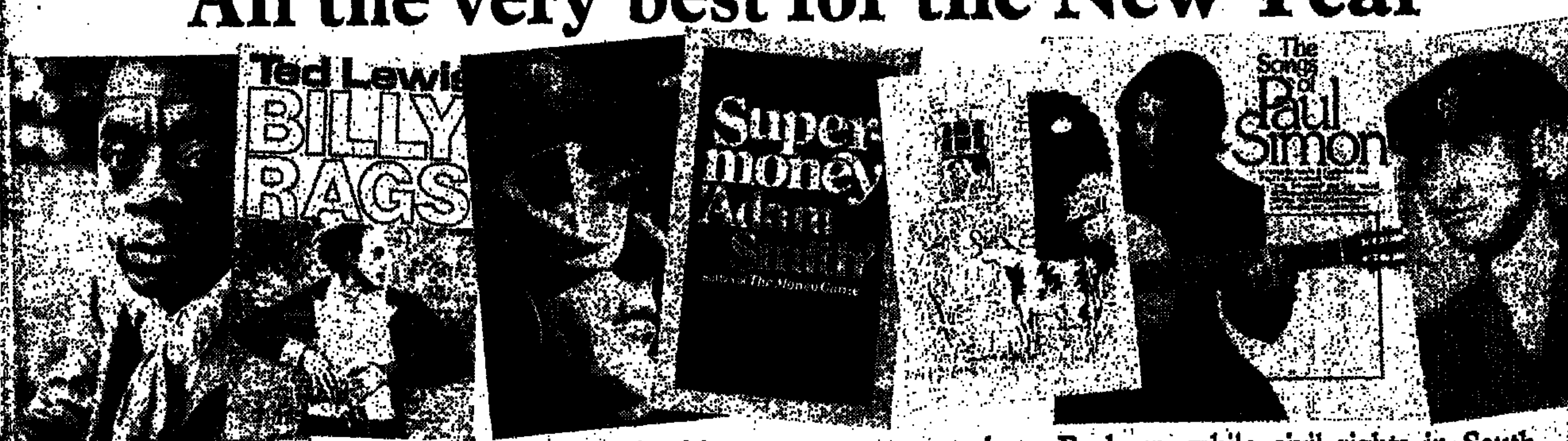


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**from Michael Joseph**

# Homer in silver-gilt

A DEAD GOD is like an empty and used up universe which has reduced itself to dust, or like an abandoned textile mill in a bleak landscape. In a modern, or rather pre-modern, context of life, which was industrial and therefore romantic, a dead god was a sublime conception. But sublimity implies surprise, a dimension of height. To Homer everything was lucidly surprising, yet to Pope how to make a dead god sublime was a problem. His solution was to embalm the Homeric gods in a fluid not unlike whisky, and to give them in this liquid grave the attributes of his own God, failing to understand that these attributes were still more problematical and death-like. To invest Homeric divinities, who have little or nothing to do with theology, with an atmosphere like that of the divine manoeuvres of *Paradise Lost*, to insinuate a perspective and a density into the strong, easy narrative of Homer, to impose syntax on parataxis, and a careful, tenuous harmony on the rough, direct music of a primary epic, limits Pope as an interpreter; but under these conditions he wrote one of the most brilliantly successful translations in the English language, and two of the best long poems in English.

Homer himself is by no means a dead god. H. A. Mason's treatment of Pope's Homer is vigorous, speedy and well conceived. It is not a solemn, full-scale discussion of every aspect of the poem, still less of its original: Mr Mason's mind moves sharply and swiftly. Sometimes he seems devoted and simple, sometimes dense and learned, but in general all his arguments are serious and arise from a long and not shallow experience of English poetry. He is surely right to suggest from the beginning that "we need the help of translations, however good our Greek, if we are in any real sense to possess the Iliad"; indeed a large part of the progressive understanding of Homer a scholar can attain will consist of thinking away the shreds of the first translations he used and the models he was presented with. In Mr Mason's case the process has been lifelong.

A translation is one of the most important kinds of commentary on a poem and in the struggle to know what a poem is and how it works a poet capable of translating into poetry has far-reaching advantages over academic criticism. There exists for example no criticism of Lucan in English anything like as helpful as Christopher Marlowe's translation of him. So far as poems are literature, Mr Mason makes almost an equivalent case for Pope. But Homer is not exactly literature, and there does now exist another dimension of Homeric criticism from which help can be had: the comparative study of epic societies which is a bastard offshoot of history and anthropology. Of this dimension Pope was of course quite innocent, though in his lifetime Vico had at least stumbled on its existence. The lack of it rather constantly invalidates Pope's understanding of Homer, and this is a difficulty Mr Mason hardly meets. Still, we read Homer in books, and to us the Homeric poems are certainly literature, so that classical scholars will be as grateful as everyone else for the abundance of acute literary criticism which Mr Mason's work contains. It is seldom that a modern critic of such powers has occupied himself with classical poetry, even through the dark and wonderful glass of Pope.

Pope is a help and not a hindrance to the understanding of Homer, since the relation of his poetry to its original raises many kinds of interesting questions. Even if we should pretend we knew about the questions already, there is something fresh and beguiling about the way in which they arise through Pope. One would not wish anyone to confine himself to a great translation or a literary criticism of that translation, or even perhaps to read them first, but no one from now on is going to be justified in neglecting Pope or Mr Mason if he wants as fully as possible to penetrate the poetry of Homer. Mr Mason's own concern is rather with Homer than with Pope; he believes that Homer's already great reputation will still increase, and that a certain truth about man is to be found in the *Iliad* "if we could get into the poem" which is not now to be found elsewhere. This seems likely enough. It is even doubtful whether the poem is as hard to enter as Mr Mason believes. Articulate appreciation is another matter. But the impact of the *Iliad* can perhaps be expressed visually in the curious and unsettling fact that the face of the Byzantine Christ owes something to the face of Homer.

In discussing the structure and moral meaning of the *Iliad* Mr Mason raises questions he is unable to answer convincingly. A high degree of tension exists not only between different senses of value and different images of life and the universe in the *Iliad*, but also at the level of language. The moral world of Homer, like the physical society of the eighth

H. A. MASON:

To Homer Through Pope

216pp. Chatto and Windus. £2.75.

century BC and like the moral world of most great poets, was transitional, not static. Heroic morality in his poetry was tearing itself to pieces. One may say that "nothing is more certain than that Homer's attitude differs from that of the Greek tragedians", but there is also a true sense in which his narrative is tragic, and in which tragedy derives from it; tragedy is a substitute for what was lost when primary epic poetry ceased to be written.

We are asked "whether Homer's suppleness and multiplicity . . . make it impossible to see the human and divine figures as seriously involving us". The question is worth asking, but it is not one that could possibly make sense to the audience of the blind old man. His directness is like the immediacy of a dream, the first involvement is in the language, and the famous suppleness and multiplicity, and the complexity and unity, are qualities of Homeric language; the whole style and construction of the *Iliad* are continually dictated by its language. The medium in which Homer composed was probably dictated by his society and elaborated over generations, but it is the foundation of his supreme greatness.

Mr Mason perhaps allows too much to the gods. What they accomplish in the *Iliad* is never more than an exaggerated version of what would happen without them. A spear finds its mark, the body of a hero fills with power before he fights, someone escapes, or is warned, or Helen feels homesick. The effect of the convention is that a hero or heroine "is extinguished as a person". This is a true observation; it is as if only the story, or only the poem, were real, and persons must play their assigned roles. But the same is true of the gods: what they love is not only "wonderful parties in Abyssinia"; they love their honour, which can be disgraced, and they love their children, who can die as Sarpedon dies. The gods are not like characters in a novel, they are not morally active in the same way any more than the heroes are like modern characters: morality is a given, not an intellectual, thing; it can be criticized only implicitly and successively in a seemingly unrelated way, sharpened by the tension of poetry. Homer is always conscious of more than one aspect of affairs and most tensely so in moral matters, but the language of epic can never say more than one thing at a time.

To cite of Pope the important insight that "Nature and Homer were, he found, the same" does not establish that Homer is really a timeless poet. No doubt it was part of Pope's rationalism to conceive of nature as timeless, but neither prose nor poetry can be so. The self-confidence of Pope's generation was both an advantage and a disadvantage in that Pope assumed too easily that Homeric gods and heroes would be dignified rather than trivialized by his own intellectual trappings. It is true that modern translations are far worse, and that there is a certain dignity about Pope's conception of human beings, but his important contribution is also his failure: it is through seeing what damage Pope's sublimity and rationality do when applied to the *Iliad* that we begin to grasp the different conventions of Homer, and how important they are to the poem. The same of course can be said, as Mr Mason points out, about translating Homer in terms of Victorian nobility, but one can see it less sharply there because Victorian nobility is such a muzzy notion in itself.

Mr Mason is at his best in the analysis of Homer's similes, the most literary or lyrical element in the *Iliad* and probably for that reason the one that best repays the techniques of modern literary criticism. Mr Mason winds his way into the subject through a note by Cowper on Pope's "Night-piece" at the end of the eighth book. The note raises questions about nature and truth in Homer and Pope, which Mr Mason intensifies by a comparison with the remarkable "Night-piece" written by Wordsworth as an explicit alternative and challenge to Pope. The discussion ramifies into Coleridge, and it is plain that Coleridge and Wordsworth simply refused to see what Pope was doing. "We should never use a younger poet to ... a senior he is trying to ... There is an ideal, pastoral ... about Pope's treatment of H... landscape which depends ... conception of universal natu... landscapes are somewhat ... and falsely simple because ... god-haunted. Pope believed ... the *Iliad* expressed the world ... objects "in Comparisons ... simple and noble"; what inte... in Pope's beautiful version ... atmosphere of literature, ... literature already philosophi... was the age of silver-gilt.

Homer is impossible to fit in ... merely automatic convention ... Pope was by no means autom... his poetry, and there is often ... thing to be learnt about Homer ... Pope's tactics in difficulties ... Ajax has just been compared to ... for savagery he is compared ... donkey for stubbornness; in ... day this simile was thought ... and unheroic, but critics had ... iously defended it. Pope's ... is interesting. He omits the ... since "a Translator owes so m... the Taste of the Age in wh... lives", but creates in his ve... brilliantly convincing vignett... heroic, unnamed "Beast". ... key, in fact, to adapt what Mr ... says elsewhere of heroes, is ... modern donkey and at the sam... like what Homer writes about ... Pope a hero was something ... gentleman and Homer was the ... nacle of polite learning: H... heroes and Homeric donkeys ... equally upsetting to him, yet ... of his general culture he ... apprehend them both.

What was unique about Po... his age? In the end, Mr M... thoughts turn to the possibility ... new modern version. His hop... limited. The *Iliad* will never be ... what the Bible was to our fa... "The amount of the past th... become the present in a livin... ture is progressively limited ... assimilate only what we badly ... Mr Mason believes that no ... lator today should presume to ... us an entire *Iliad*. Whatever els... unique about Pope, his rationa... fidence, his ear, his dwarf's ... standing of physical courage ... the gigantic power of words, ... at least one quality which to us ... attainable in principle; his di... from us, from Homer and ... Homeric society. There is no ... translation of the *Iliad* that o... take seriously for long. What is ... ous about Pope's *Iliad* is a quali... able to exist unless it exists ... the level of language: Pope is ... and peculiar mirror of Homer ... his poem is wonderful. The pe... mirror is precisely Pope's la... which could scarcely be more ... ent from Homer's, and scarcely ... different from ours.

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# Lord Randolph's American connexion

ALPH G. MARTIN:

ady Randolph Churchill: A Biography

olume I: 1854-1895. 336pp. £2.50.
olume II: The Dramatic Years, 895-1921. 384pp. £4.

assell.

ILEEN QUELCH:

erfect Darling

he Life and Times of George Cornwallis-West

11pp. Cecil and Amelia Woolf. 3.50.

he two volumes of Ralph Martin's ography of Lady Randolph Churhill—the first of which was pubshed in 1969—make a highly enterining and readable story about a emarkable American lady. When ord Randolph married her in 1874, rejudice against Americans, which as partly caused by feelings stirred y the Civil War, was still strongly lt in England. When he told his ather that he wished to marry Miss erome, the Duke replied: "You ust allow that the American connexion is a slightly coming-down in pride for us to contemplate." The English is not perhaps exactly graceful and the sentiments may seem slightly awry in the twentieth century, yet there was force in the Victorian Duke's reluctance to consent to the marriage. For Lord Randolph it was a disaster—possibly any marriage would have been, but that is pure surmise. No doubt he was a difficult husband, and to waywardness of temper Mr Martin adds the affliction of syphilis.

Although such things are not likely to be proved, it is more likely that Lord Randolph suffered from an unbalanced nervous and mental system inherited from his mother's family. His elder brother, "marred by fate", is believed to have been somewhat similarly affected. Since the evidence for syphilis rests on an anecdote of Frank Harris, we may feel justified in relegating it to that happy world of make-believe in which Harris is still one of the acknowledged potentates.

For a man so tortured, Lady Randolph was the worst companion; she was extravagant—she was not rich, because her tiresome father lost his fortune at the time of the marriage—and she was flirtatious, and she shared with many of her countrywomen a desire to be at the peak of English society without appreciating the responsibilities of the position or perhaps even understanding them. We see this clearly enough from a malicious remark of Mrs Patrick Campbell, which is quoted in *Perfect Darling*. Mrs Patrick Campbell was producing Lady Randolph's play, *His Borrowed Plumes*, and she made it clear that Lady Randolph felt that all connected with her play would gain "social advantage" from it.

In Mr Martin's biography both husband and wife are lumped together in this rather heedless snobbery: Robert Rhodes James is much nearer the mark, in his excellent book about Lord Randolph, when he says that he was an unconscious rebel against his own environment. Perhaps the fairest summing-up of Lady Randolph's character is to be found in the pages of Sir Edward Marsh—she was a delightful compound of "flagrant worldliness" and eternal childhood. Such qualities are agreeable enough for the companion of a "sugar-daddy", but less comfortable in the wife of an English politician.

In spite of the several virtues of this biography, there are two things which must be said on the other side. For the English reader, mistakes abound, and the publisher should have helped the author by reducing them. "Collars and Cuffs" was not King Edward VII; the masters at Eton are not professors; while it is gratifying that a lord (Lord Frazer) once wrote most of the leading articles in *The Times*, he vanishes, on examination, to the humbler personage of Lovat Fraser; although "Sir" Percy Wyndham might have lived in "The Clouds", he did not do so.

More seriously, the book gives the impression that it is indiscriminate, not selective. We might indeed say that a general fault of modern biography is to regard the task as one of the collection of information rather than its digestion. Mr Martin has read an astonishing conglomeration of books on the late Victorian and Edwardian times, but he would seem to treat them all alike with equal veneration; we could adapt to his feelings for the printed word a book-title of some years ago—"I saw it in the papers and it must be true". We can see how the trivial is equated with the significant from Mr Martin's appendix of critical references. He refers to *Edwardian Daughter* by Sonia Keppel, which is an authority of the first importance because it is written by someone who really knew the Edwardian world from the inside, as "not very well-written . . . much more interesting and valuable is *They All Married Well* by Elizabeth Eliot". Even the great Fowler might have been tempted to put an exclamation mark here. Fashionable life seven decades ago—more perhaps than any other period of our history—has been a wonderful canvas for the daubs of the parlour gossips, with the Jerome connexion in particular splashing it around. The resulting books are not so much "What the Butler Saw" as "What the Butler Thought he Saw". Enjoyable and titillating as Mr Martin's book is on almost every page, readers will remember that the selection of truth rests with them.

Miss Quelch gives us an entertaining account of Lady Randolph's second husband. In the first part of the book she covers much the same ground as Mr Martin, but she includes some useful letters from Shaw to Cornwallis-West during and after his marriage to Mrs Patrick Campbell. The author knew Cornwallis-West at the end of his life and he gave her Shaw's letters; it seems unlucky that the Society of Authors could not give her permission to use the most important of the collection but, as it stands, the book makes an excellent tail-piece to a curiously fascinating story.

# Copy by the yard

AMES FERGUSSON:

alloon Tytler

60pp. Faber and Faber. £2.95.

he fame of "Balloon" Tytler—such s it is—arises from his having made e first aerial ascent from British il, a feat he achieved in 1784. Sir mes Fergusson, by patiently sembling the fragmentary evience of Tytler's career, has achieved vivid piece of reconstruction gainst the background of Edinrgh in its greatest days. Tytler, ough not a particularly talented or tractive man, was an interesting d even in some ways admirable ne.

It would not be much of an exaggeration to say that Tytler *wrote* the cond edition of the *Encyclopaedia ritannica*—all ten volumes of it—tting at an upturned washtub in a um cottage. And this was only a odest part of his massive output. ack he undoubtedly was, but a hack th unusual gifts for that downtrodn profession. He could abridge anying, at lightning speed. Someone ce saw him setting up an abridgeent in type (he was a bit of a inter as well) *direct from the parnt text*. A tour de force only slightly s uncommon occurred when a okseller called in the small hours th an unexpected demand for six hundred words of copy. Tytler was in bed, drunk (drink was one of his weaknesses), but on being roused he called for paper, pen and ink, and in a short time produced about a page and a half of letter-press, which answered the end proposed as completely as if it had been the result of the most mature deliberation.

Other men made thousands out of the *Encyclopaedia*, and its importance as a popularizer of knowledge was incalculable. Tytler received sixteen shillings a week for his labour. Lunardi gained fame and money from his balloon ascents: Tytler was hounded by the newspapers and pelted by the mob. In fact he had the most miserable of the gifts that destiny can bestow: to know an idea whose time has come, and make nothing out of it. He devised an improved process for bleaching cloth and sold it to a textile manufacturer who prospered without paying Tytler. He started papers which fizzled out, and eventually launched himself into radical journalism which got him prosecuted and driven into exile in America. There, after a few years, he fell into the sea from a causeway at night (probably drunk) and perished.

Burns, who included a few of Tytler's songs in *The Scots Musical Museum*, described him as "an obscure, tippling, though extraordinary body", a shabby wandering patron of the Edinburgh howffs, always at the beck and call of booksellers wanting cheap copy by the yard. But he was rather more than this. His chemical studies and his unbending, impracticable radicalism suggest a man who was carried in the mainstream of change, and had some insight into the possibilities that were opening for the future. "The schemes of transporting people through the atmosphere", he wrote in the prospectus for his balloon ascent, "formerly thought chimerical, are realized; and it is impossible to say how far the art of aerial navigation may be improved, or with what advantages it may be attended."

Some readers may feel that Sir James is rather hard on Tytler, and that after rescuing him from obscurity his first biographer might have shown more sympathy for a career of imagination, perseverance, and failure. Certainly Sir James is objective, and the doctrinaire aspect of Tytler's character does not appeal to him. But the book is written and assembled so ably, and the facts are allowed to speak for themselves so evocatively, that one can respect Tytler's virtues without being invited to do so.

# Trojan of reform

HN W. OSBORNE:

hn Cartwright

pp. Cambridge University Press. 90.

though he was always known in er life and to history as "Major rtwright", the hero of this bioaphy actually spent his twelve ars of active service in the Navy, ways the more Whiggish of the two med forces in the eighteenth cenry. The rest of his life, which ded in 1825 when he was over ghty, was spent in service of the use of political reform and a proamme which has now become most the conventional description "democracy": one man, one ote; secret ballot; equal electoral stricts. One of his proposals—otes at eighteen—has been adopted ly in the past few years; and nual elections, which he thought ential, have vanished from the list radical demands. His passion for citizen militia with elected officers s so far left his countrymen cold. Cartwright cannot claim to be the iginator of any of these ideas, and e never achieved a seat in Parliament, let alone public office. His reputation depends on the steadfastness with which he propagated principles—which in the end were to carry the day, through a long night of indifference and Toryism—and his transparent integrity.

Cartwright's adopted daughter edited his voluminous writings and wrote what would now be called the official account of his life: one singularly lacking in either excitement or variety. John W. Osborne's is the first modern study. Perhaps an English biographer would have had more sympathy for a hero who was, as Osborne points out, a very English character. Cartwright does not correspond to any idea of a radical that might be held on a campus, and Mr Osborne has clearly had to struggle hard to maintain even a semblance of toleration for the Major's lack of intellectuality, neglect of the role of the proletariat, dislike of the French Revolution, ignorance of economics, and old-fashioned love of his country. Alas, he had "not the slightest touch of charisma" and his career "was more often than not, bound in the shallows".

The result is a rather dispiriting book, which is not helped by some utterances that show an imperfect grasp of the period. Thus Osborne declares that "the adversities of the landowners of the seventies were due to the wars of William III and Anne"; that "manufacturers and commercial men were excluded from the unreformed House of Commons"; and that the Combination Acts were somehow especially malign because they were enforceable by magistrates, who were, of course, often employers or landowners: the same was true of most other laws.

The struggle to deal with what was clearly an unsympathetic subject may account for a style which is rather slipshod and stertorous. "Wilberforce . . . lived through more than one deathbed"; "Napoleon's projected invasion of England diverted his [i.e. Cartwright's] attention to national defence". On the whole it might have been better to leave Fanny Cartwright's two fat and loving volumes of 1826 for those who wanted to know about this indomitable, if rather tedious, Trojan of reform.

DAVID & CHARLES

Check-list for 11 January

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LEON JOELSON £2.25

David & Charles : Newton Abbot : Devon

# Up high and down low

RICHARD EBERHART :
Fields of Grace
64pp. Chatto and Windus. £1.50.

STEWART CONN :
An Ear to the Ground
58pp. Hutchinson. Paperback, £1.

SUSAN MUSGRAVE :
Entrance of the Celebrant
49pp. Fuller d'Arch Smith. £1.75.

ANNE TIBBLE :
Labyrinth
23pp. Oriel Press. Paperback, 50p.

Mystical or visionary poetry has to be taken on trust: we accept it as an authentic apprehension of unprovable verities, or we must ignore it. Among all the senior American poets (he is now approaching the age of seventy), Richard Eberhart has been the most undeflectedly mystical, and at his best his explorations and celebrations have an unquestionable authority. Such poems as "The Groundhog" and "The Fury of Aerial Bombardment" have rightly become anthology pieces, prophetic utterances rooted in circumstance, so that a personal vision is made general.

But one's trust has been less surely granted to a good deal of Mr Eberhart's prolific output. Too many poems have made rapt and wondering gestures that have seemed little more than transcendental pieties, closer to Patience Strong than to Gerard Manley Hopkins. In his new book, for example, there are a lot of open-mouthed clichés ("inexpressible richness", "mindless ecstasy") of a kind that a more rigorous craftsman than Mr Eberhart would have struck out. Whatever is inexpressible and ecstatic deserves a firmer touch than this:

There is a sense of something beyond us,
Uncapturable as the grace of a hummingbird,
Elusive as the death of a child you loved,
Shapeless as every final hope you had,
As mysterious as that you are still alive.

And the hand of Blake seems unhelpfully to have blurred such stanzas as:

I want to go into the land of excess
Where the heightened awareness of truth
Defeats the negative specialists
Who run the world, scientific absolutists.
Excess leads to the realm of joy,
Joy is what all children know.
It is the joy of the heart I acclaim,
It is the joy of the sky that I feel.

When Mr Eberhart succeeds, it is through a simplicity as absolute as this but also when his speculative curiosity, his delight in quiddities, suddenly finds purchase on the slippery slope of his exaltation—as in "Gnat on my Paper":

His life is a quarter of an inch.
I could crack him any moment now.
Now I see he has two more feet,
Almost too delicate to examine.
He is still sitting on this paper,
An inch away from An.
Does he know who I am,
Does he know the importance of man?

Mr Eberhart's Blakean sense of wonder has the strengths and weaknesses of its naivety, so that the cloud of unknowing and the fog of ignorance are never far from one another. It is a risky area, but Mr Eberhart is still providing enough spiritual rewards to make the exploration worth while.

Stewart Conn is altogether more earthbound. In *An Ear to the Ground* one sometimes feels that the ear has been so close to the ground that it has turned to stone, for Mr Conn, though a formal writer, is often an oddly graceless one, organizing his bleak observations into line-patterns and stanzaic shapes that bear little relation to what is being said:

On an adjoining stone are a skull
And hourglass from Covenanter
Days. Their lives were a duller
Sacrifice. John on his moral staff,
The great-aunts with their rigid ways . . .

Mr Conn, who is Scottish, has some relation to a whole distinctly Northern breed of current poet, north of a sort of Mason-Dixon line of sensibility and including Ulster, northern England and his own native country: the names of Seamus Heaney, Glyn Hughes, Ken Smith, Norman MacCaig and Iain Crichton Smith all come to mind. What they share is a preoccupation with the unremitting harshness of physical things, a hardness and dourness of metaphor. Such poetry is packed with detail. Until [...] book, the detail in Mr Con[n's] was what one might call a rural, very much in the [...] new nature poetry. There is a certain amount of this in *An [Ear to] the Ground*, but there is als[o a wel]come willingness to come [to terms] with urban experiences, wi[th ...] of physical tang:

A rag-and-bone man,
His pony ready for the k[...]
Rounds a corner (short of a t[...]
And disappears up Clousto[n ...]
Below, the Kelvin runs like [...]

What too often spoils the[m ...] from a persistent awkward[...] movement, is Mr Conn's ten[dency to] tack on dogged bits of co[...] moralizing or didacticism. [...] crippled aunt to the tremen[...] train in the title-poem, the [...] takes over and rams the m[...] home. When he avoids th[is, as he] does in the urban vignette[s "...] Sense of Order" and "Portr[...]" in the characterized dis[...] "Old Actor", he is a more [...]ing poet.

Dreams, ghosts, magical p[...] and the whimsical-weird are [...]perties of Susan Musgrave's [...] They make up a bit of a witch[...] in fact, in which the conte[...] arbitrary and the tone not a[s ...] binding (or bewitching) as i[t prob]ably intends to be:

I share you with beetles,
I share you in my bones.
Bite into me and
open your mind to blood.

Anne Tibble's sensitively re[...] matters-of-fact, though ofte[n ...] and sometimes commonplac[e ...] more palpable. A country p[...] an African in prison, travell[...] coach, moments of ordinary [...] and alienation—Mrs Tibble [cele]brates them touchingly.

## Two Poems

Gray boulder
Beside the road
You devote me to age
Whose date none decodes
From signs of fire or ice—
Elephant among field mice
You crouched here alone
In the silence of stone

### Just now

With my head down,
Bent to this pen
Which is my plow,
I did not see
That little cloud
Above the field—
Unfurrowed brow,
You are its yield

SAMUEL MENASHE

# Along the fingertip trail

LEONARD COHEN :
The Energy of Slaves
127pp. Cape. £1.75 (paperback, 95p).

The posturings in Leonard Cohen's verse have been pretty persistent—and consistent—since the days when Suzanne took him down and people decked in rags and feathers were prone to touch each other's bodies with their minds, while Jesus sank beneath their wisdom like a stone. *The Energy of Slaves* offers a few self-abnegatory notes from time to time, which sound like the echoes of an apology:

The form of poetry
has been disgraced by many pious hands
That's why I can't write it anymore

* * *

I blame it on me and Suzanne
the death of poetry

* * *

I have no talent left
I can't write a poem anymore
You can call me Len or Lennie now
like you always wanted
I guess I should pack it up
but habits persist

Well, Lennie, it's too late for that; and in any case it all sounds a little disingenuous, like a woman saying she's unattractive, then pausing for the expected contradiction.

The truth is, of course, that Cohen fell into the credibility gap a long time ago, since when he has been hanging on grimly with one hand, while writing furiously with the other. His poems have a randomness which betrays the lack of any sustained vision; they take in love, God, politics, are modest, extravagant, obscene, are forcedly colloquial or adopt impossible archaisms, seeming to care little for craftsmanship or language and without bothering to do much more than trail a fingertip over the surface of the chosen subject.

They are, in short, the poems of a songwriter who is able to convince a semi-literate public that his talent goes deeper simply because his lyrics possess an apparent concern with deeper issues and avoid the more honest banalities of "moon/June".

The advantages of a guitar backing for Cohen's work are obvious and demonstrable; and in many cases the poems in this book cry out for those advantages as Hans Andersen's king might have cried out for his new suit of clothes:

I left a woman waiting
I met her sometime later
she said, your eyes are dead
What happened to you lover
And since she spoke the truth to me
I tried to answer truly
Whatever happened to my eyes
happened to your beauty

On record, you barely notice it; on the page it's ludicrously vulnerable. Even when the language is making some pretence to allusiveness or a complex involvement with its subject, it remains pretty basic—a tool for getting in, getting it said and getting out, scarcely helped at all by the few rather limp verbal tricks: "Your kisses are born blind", or the coy metaphors and poeticisms falling like over-ripe fruit, mushy and unpalatable:

black olives live forever
in the tired oil of your grace

* * *

oh the hair is real
that pilots the thighs
into the important satin theatre
ruined like Greece by overuse

Tired oil is right. Prosy, inexpert, uncompelling, the poems get through love, loneliness, war, torture, self-doubt, poignant incidents, worldly wisdom, anger, regret, and so on and so forth, with the rapidity of a pulp-fiction writer thumbing through his file-index cards. Teeny-boppers of all ages will have the book on their shelves between the Bhagavad Gita and the [...]


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# Thistle stop tour

DUNCAN GLEN (Editor) :
Hugh MacDiarmid
241pp. Scottish Academic Press. £2.25.

Duncan Glen has collected fifteen essays on Hugh MacDiarmid, all but one of which have previously appeared in journals and critical studies, and has appended to them a useful bibliography by W. R. Aitken. This is not to say, however, that extracts from fifteen journals or critical studies are reprinted here. No fewer than five of these chapters were first published in *Hugh MacDiarmid: a festschrift*, edited by K. D. Duval in 1962, and no fewer than four of them first saw light in the edition of *Agenda* of Autumn-Winter 1967-68. In other words, well over half the book, and probably the best half at that, is culled from just two previous books; and it is difficult to see how a MacDiarmid enthusiast could fail to gain more for his money by investing in those publications rather than in the present volume.

It is, for all that, a valuable symposium, with two or three excellent critical analyses and no contribution which notably fails to earn its keep. The first three chapters, by Alexander Scott, Duncan Glen and Burns Singer, set out to place the poetry in its cultural and political contexts, an enterprise which involves risks as well as gains: there is more than one point in these early pieces at which MacDiarmid the craggy character ("a magnificent mouse of a man . . . The features [are] small and squeezed into the lower half of the face . . .") and MacDiarmid the mighty confluence of cultural trends threaten to edge MacDiarmid the poet off the page. A sense of the actual poetry, however, is splendidly restored by David Daiches's subtle reading of the early work, and there follow chapters by John C. Weston and Roderick Watson which, while more prone to a distancing hunt for symbols than Professor Daiches's piece, reveal an attractive rigour of attention to the actual writing.

Somewhere around this point the book begins to stimulate a [...] sense of *déjà vu*. Professor Da[iches,] Mr Weston, Mr Watson and (more briefly) Matthew P. [Mc]Diarmid all write on *A Drunk [Man] Looks at the Thistle*, which [...] that poem's brilliance is no sur[prise,] but by the time the third s[...] thistle symbolism has been mad[e the] disadvantages of a book whi[ch re]prints the best available a[...] rather than commissions a [...] balanced range of contributions [has] become apparent. Balance of [a sort] is restored in the last half [of the] book, however, which again p[...] the policy of interspersing s[...]cally critical pieces (Sydney Go[odsir] Smith on the *Three Hymns to L[enin],* Tom Scott on the *Lament fo[r the] Great Music* and G. S. Fraser o[n the] later poetry) with more gener[al] appraisals. Of these, Do[...] Sealy's survey of MacDiar[mid's] relation to Gaelic literature [and] Michel Habart's essay (reprinte[d from] French) on the poet as "Vision[naire] du Langage" are astute and [in]formed, but somewhat less stim[ulat]ing than Edwin Morgan's exce[llent] and original reflections on [...] models and images of how a [...] works which crop up within [...] MacDiarmid's verse.

In a volume implicitly united [by] the assumption that MacDiarm[id is] the name to follow Yeats, Eliot [and] Pound into the canon of the in[dis]putable twentieth-century maste[rs, it] is therapeutic to hear the odd [note] of local dissension. Burns Si[nger] writes interestingly of "a lack [of] those simple irrational sympat[hies] known as love and charity" in [his] work; David Craig, in an essay [on] MacDiarmid's Marxism which se[ts out] well set at first for unreser[ved] praise, veers adroitly around [...] berates him for failing to reach [...]tical maturity; and Iain Cric[hton] Smith, in a characteristically ca[...] and forceful chapter, argues the [...] that the later poetry shows a seri[ous] falling off in quality. Mr Cric[hton] Smith's essay was first published [as] a pamphlet and is now out of pr[int,] and its welcome appearance he[re] perhaps compensates a little for [the] presence of other chapters which [are] so conspicuously available [else]where.





# The first four years of Nixon

[RO]WLAND EVANS and ROBERT D. [NO]VAK :
[Ni]xon in the White House
[...]7pp. Davis-Poynter. £5.

[Th]e thoughtful, pondering the whys [an]d wherefores of President Nixon's [sm]ashing victory in the 1972 elec[tio]n, will be well served by this [bo]ok. Here is an informed, well-[do]cumented account of Mr Nixon's [fir]st term, rich in anecdote and [li]ghtened by incisive pictures of [so]me of the men around the [Pre]sident, particularly the power[ful] "Germans", John Ehrlichman [an]d H. R. Haldeman. The rise and [fa]ll of cabinet members, men with [far] less power than their counter[pa]rts in Britain but with important [po]litical influence, is skilfully [re]counted.

[O]ne caveat: the book proper ends [eig]hteen months before the Presi[de]nt's re-election. A rather sketchy [epi]logue is devoted to the important [an]d, so far as the election was con[cer]ned, perhaps decisive events of [19]72: the visits to Peking and Mos[co]w, the White House's new econo[mi]c policy.

[N]one the less students of politics [wi]ll find a rich lode of material on [ho]w Mr Nixon works, what stimu[la]tes his undoubted political agility, [th]e thought-patterns on national and [in]ternational affairs, the oscillation [be]tween periods of decisiveness and [...] havering.

Is it fair?—the question must be [as]ked. Mr Nixon's aloofness, his [se]lf-confessed lack of "charisma and [w]armth", Vice-President Agnew's [at]tacks on the media have created [a] powerful anti-Nixon sentiment in [the] Washington press corps. The [au]thors are not entirely free of this. [Bu]t they do understand the enor[m]ous complexities of the Presidency [an]d the problems involved in the [fo]rmulation and execution of policy [in] a system glorying in, but not al[wa]ys observing, the separation of executive, legislative and judicial powers.

They also try occasionally to portray the very human man behind the image. Neither the President nor Mrs Nixon were strangers in their youth to relative poverty. They want to see people fed, housed and clothed as much as does Senator McGovern. The difference is over means. In this area, the book shows, there is a positively nineteenth-century cast to Presidential thinking.

Some chapters are a lively textbook on the art of politics in modern America. See the detailed and accurate account of Mr Nixon's frustrated attempt to introduce Southern, "constructionist" judges to the Supreme Court. Here are the inner movements of American politics; pressures on individual Senators, the assiduous courting of regional interests, the constant eye on the next elections.

Mr Nixon has given the world the impression that his main interest is in international affairs. This volume, while it does not skimp on that aspect of his first term, also devotes much space to such topics as "Nixonomics" and to the President's aspirations towards reform with himself cast in the role of the great reformer. He is, the authors note, much impressed by the performance of Disraeli in this field, seeing himself as the conservative capable of reforms the liberals—in this case, the Democrats—could never achieve.

But being an aspiring reformer does not cool his wrath toward those in his own party who, equally ardent for reform, are classed as liberal Republicans. His greatest hostility, the authors relate, is directed at Senators and Representatives of that breed.

Perhaps because of the time period it covers, the book does not examine Mr Nixon's flexibility, the most surprising political characteristic in a complex nature. The Nixon who was the pin-up boy of the China Lobby journeys to Peking and bathes his hosts and their country in a shower of hyperbole. The Nixon who wanted, and got, the SALT agreement with the Russians turns the full force of American air power upon the Russians' North Vietnamese allies a month before his visit to Moscow. The Nixon who abhorred an economy regulated by government embraces the concept of controls.

The impression the President seeks to give his countrymen is that of the cool, competent executive. As this book shows, this is an incomplete picture. There is also the Nixon of quick, often disastrous, decisions even in his special field of partisan politics. As an example, the authors cite his telecast on election eve 1970; an exercise in roughhouse politics based on fear of terrorism.

At times, as the book reveals, the President rejects the advice of his staff and embraces an intemperance comparable to that of Harry S. Truman in his "give 'em hell" days. The President's angry statement about the 91st Congress, which had rejected his Supreme Court nominees, is a case in point.

The great virtue of *Nixon in the White House* is that the authors maintain a reasonable balance between these and other actions of the President and the continuing, intricate interplay among advisers in the Executive branch, members of Congress and the territorial, feudal political chieftains of the hinterland who make up American politics.

President Nixon's performance is only half over. His power is great, and growing greater as the Executive branch waxes, and his potential for good or evil enormous. No one can now say what he will do. But *Nixon in the White House* offers a fascinating guide to why he has acted as he has in the past. Few sitting presidents have been more fairly and honestly treated.

# No mere academic

[Th]e Papers of Woodrow Wilson
[E]dited by Arthur S. Link and others.
[Vo]lume 11: 1898-1900.
[...]7pp. Princeton University Press.
[Lo]ndon: Oxford University Press.
[£...]50.

[In] this volume we see Woodrow Wil[s]on on the way to being not only the [fir]st lay President of Princeton Uni[ve]rsity but also, possibly uncon[sci]ously, President of the United [St]ates. It is impossible to read it [wi]thout having in memory the great [an]d possibly disastrous destiny of the ["]mere academic" on whose faults, [er]rors and virtues so much was to [de]pend.

We learn a lot about Woodrow—[T]ommy, as his college contempor[ar]ies still called him. We tend to [loo]k forward, probably too much, to [th]e great schism of Princeton's aca[de]mic revolution and, probably not [so] much, to the changing ideas and [pr]ojects of the future President of [th]e United States. We can read of [a] close friendship with the Hibbens [wi]thout being forced to reflect on the [la]ter quarrels, worthy of medieval [Fl]orence, which marked and marred [th]e end of Wilson's academic career. [We] can contemplate the naively opti[mi]stic view of the indifference to [m]ere money which Wilson hoped for [in] civil servants and professors [ali]ke. We can see Wilson failing to [cr]eate a great school of jurispru[de]nce, and we can see the first signs [of] the academic civil war which was, [fo]r the moment, won by Dean West.

We can also sample the somewhat [ol]d-fashioned intellectual tastes of [W]ilson—his excessive devotion to [Wo]rdsworth, for instance—and we [ca]n guess that he would have been [ve]ry shocked by the high repute of [Th]e *Waste Land* as E. M. Forster [wa]s at Cambridge by the new idol[at]ry of Mozart replacing the more [so]lid, English, regard for Beet[ho]ven. And one may suspect that [he] would not have appreciated [ei]ther Edmund Wilson or Scott Fitzgerald.

Wilson had other limitations. He [sh]ared Macaulay's near contempt for Montesquieu. It is worth noting [th]at the only successful PhD candidate he had at Princeton was Robert McElroy, so long a resident of Oxford (England); Cambridge (England) seems to have appealed more to Wilson. But it was not a matter of mere Presbyterian prejudice, for Wilson was a deep admirer of Anglican ritual, and was to be buried in the Episcopal Cathedral of St Albans at Washington.

Wilson strove to build up a reputation as an American historian, which has not lasted—apart from his important contribution to the *Cambridge Modern History*. But as a political scientist he still has an important place in the history of American scholarship. He was to have an even more important place as a maker of the modern federal system of the United States.

As is to be expected from a collection edited by Arthur S. Link, this edition is nearly perfect—but Hume Brown, a dull Scotch historian, appears as "Hugh Brown"; the eminent family of the Conderts is provided with a superfluous *accent aigu*; and we might have had a little more about that Almaviva-like character, Boni de Castellane.

ANNE LAURENS :
L'Europe avec les Anglais
274pp. Grenoble: Arthaud. 25fr.

For Anne Laurens, a journalist on the *Nouvel Observateur*, England and the English have few mysteries. As in her earlier work, *L'Angleterre n'est pas une île*, she takes a sometimes irreverent look at our enthusiasms, hesitations and flirtations over the development of Europe, from the day in 1950 when the Labour Government refused the offer to join the Coal and Steel Community, up to the present "valse des toréadors". One may take exception to some of her interpretations of events, both from the French and the English point of view, one may not agree with all her descriptions, but one cannot but be charmed by her wit, her striking portrait of individuals, her constantly amusing interweaving of anecdote, history and comment.


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TIMES PAST THE TIMES

# T·L·S

72nd Year 5 January 1973 No. 3,696


# Viewpoint

## BY ALAN BROWNJOHN

WE ARE entering Europe—which really means joining a complex set of economic, constitutional, legal and other institutions—with a *cultural* Fanfare. Where private moneys were liberally channelled into a public-relations campaign for entry which completely failed to convince, or mollify, or even create interest, public expenditure is now being used to work up some wintry jubilation for the accomplished fact. The Fanfare for Europe programme this month offers drama, music, exhibitions, a poetry reading, fashion. Astutely, some approved fringe activities have been given a look-in (it is not all "high" culture): plays at the King's Head, Islington, jazz at the Cockpit, pop concerts.

It is an attractive, if a rather forced-looking, mélange of events; but most of the foreign attractions could be caught by just a little assiduous concert-going, a few art-gallery outings, over a not much longer period than the duration of the Fanfare, and there is in fact hardly anything new or striking, nothing that seems to *compel* a visit. The Fanfare sadly suggests a perfunctory attempt to put a "cultural" icing on a very different sort of cake, and one that not many of us are keen to eat.

All of which brings to mind that trickle of vaguely sincere, airily idealistic utterance which has for a long time run (privately and publicly) alongside the tough negotiating over financial contributions, agricultural policy adjustments and the like: not much more than a trickle, it's true, because the pretence of a cultural coming-together as a result of the economic wheeler-dealing was always very difficult to sustain. Privately, it took—and takes—the form of a hope, no more, that joining the European community *must* somehow provide an antidote for our British "insularity" which, it seems, we cannot cure simply by studying the arts of our European neighbours. In some way not explained, the economic and political ties will surely be cultural ones also: we are bound to see more of our fellow-artists and intellectuals in Europe, imbibe more from them, open out the restricted range of our own arts, and so on. This is the cocktail-party talk of the pro-European British writer, if you can find him; and such vaguenesses tend to be its limits.

Publicly, and one supposes that this is the source from which it has filtered through to the British intellectual over the years, the ideals are naturally grander—and cloudier—still. "The European Community will give new life, in a world context, to an ancient and magnificent civilization. Here the talk is all of the "extent of its capacities ... the magnitude of its duties ... an original contribution commensurate with its human, intellectual and material resources" (communiqué of the Paris meeting of "the Nine"). By what system of ideals, let alone by what practical and concrete steps, these grandeurs are to be achieved is not specified; nor how they offer more than a better and more idealistic community of a wider, or of a world-wide, kind; but specificities are not the purpose of high-sounding preambles to communiqués.

Everyone knows—and dare one say it for the thousandth time [illegible]

that there never has been a popular majority in Britain for entry into Europe. But neither has there been anything resembling an idealistic internationalist élite in Britain which has wanted to "enter Europe". And there has certainly never been much relish for Europeanism among today's British intellectuals. To be fair, there may be a little, a very little, xenophobia. The main point, however, is that the grandiose predictions of a new cultural entente rising magically out of the clauses and sub-clauses of the treaties seem a waste of breath when one considers the mundane and brutal deals which forced our association with the Community. Economic links do not create sudden, or even gradual, cultural affinities: these come about, have already come about, across frontiers in a diminishing world, without political blessings. So when many masters of industry, some famous entertainers, a few sportsmen and a few academics were signing manifestoes of European intent for publication in *The Times* in the summer of 1971, the main body of writers and intellectuals was very largely absent from the lists.

Perhaps they were never asked. It was with this suspicion that I decided to try my own bit of consultation. With the Fanfare ringing in our ears, it might be interesting to look back at the terms of the letter I devised and circulated at that time, the names of the signatories—and, of course, the positions of those who would have nothing to do with it. For the record, the letter, which appeared in *The Times* of July 30, 1971, ran as follows:

> Among the more high-minded reasons sometimes offered for British entry into the Common Market are those which speak of increased and friendlier contact with people in the world of learning and the arts, and the enhancement by such means of European civilization in general.
>
> We write as people (of different political positions) who are all actively concerned with literature—as poets, novelists, playwrights, critics, editors and publishers. We wish to state that we enjoy contact of this kind already, without the assistance of the Treaty of Rome, and that no greater degree of it would logically be afforded by entry into the EEC. We regard the Common Market as no more or less "civilized" than any other blatant commercial arrangement. The terms of the proposed arrangement—so far as we are frankly and honestly given them—we judge to be unfavourable.

The signatories to the letter were Kingsley Amis, F. W. Bateson, Martin Bell, John Braine, Alan Brownjohn, John Brunner, Peter Buckman, Alan Burns, O. Caldecott, John Calder, Robert Conquest, Kevin Crossley-Holland, Bonamy Dobrée, William Empson, Gavin Ewart, John Fuller, Frederick S. Grubb, L. P. Hartley, John Heath-Stubbs, Geoffrey Hill, Frances Horovitz, Michael Horovitz, B. S. Johnson, F. R. Leavis, Laurie Lee, Adrian Mitchell, Eric Mottram, John Osborne, Harold Pinter, Peter Porter, John Pudney, Jonathan Raban, Vernon Scannell, Elizabeth Thomas, R. S. Thomas, Anthony Thwaite, Charles Tomlinson and Arnold Wesker.

More than 120 letters had been sent out inviting signatures, and the replies totalled seventy-eight. To the thirty-seven who signed could have been added three who agreed but did not wish, for various reasons, to make a public statement of views in this way, and four whose approval came too late for inclusion in the list: John Arden, Barry Bermange, Stanley Middleton and Charles Wood.

The others were easily sortable into broad groupings. Leaving aside two whose replies came late but gave no particular opinion, there were just seven "unequivocally in favour" of Common Market entry (three were writers, and four publishers). A larger group, of twelve, were either presumed to be in favour of entry because of briefly stated disagreement with the letter, or else in favour with some reluctance or reservations; or in favour for "no-alternative" reasons, or out of hostility to anti-Marketeers. There were thirteen "don't knows"—ordinary "don't knows", declared fence-sitters, those who could not make up their minds, and those who felt unsure because they could agree with some of the letter but not all of it.

Students of the political persuasions of British writers would have made their reasonable conjectures about the names of those who signed the letter—and, of course, about the names which did *not* appear underneath it. Both right and left were well represented, for much the same political reasons as those which united elements on both sides in the political debate (and this was partly, of course, a political letter in so far as it briefly commented on the unfavourable character of the then only imperfectly known terms of Community entry). More interesting, though, was the very fair sprinkling of signatories whose work already connected them, in either traditional or experimental activity or in publishing, with international areas. For them, as for the determinedly British, cultural Europeanism would not wash. But the reasons for signing were no doubt as numerous as the signatories who felt they could affirm the broad but definite propositions of the letter.

Few reasons for being "unequivocally in favour" of entry were given by the seven respondents who took an emphatic stand on it. One of the most cogent and detailed letters made the best kind of political case: the need to consider "larger questions of social and economic organization, the relations of Europe with America, Russia and the poorer countries" which Market membership would enforce on us. The remainder largely enunciated "passionate conviction", "convinced support" and similar sentiments. The twelve rather more reluctantly "in favour" of the EEC stressed the envisaged cultural advantages, or else took a line of commercial necessity without a high degree of cultural conviction. The thirteen "don't-knows" expressed a very frank and honest confusion. Altogether, I felt, no very substantial case for cultural Europeanism was presented by the literary supporters of entry—but one should add that the signatories of the letter rarely gave their own side of things.

The figures speak quite well for themselves, and it is not very likely that anything has changed in the minds of British writers in the eighteen spiritless months since the Heath-Pompidou entente, months which have seen Parliament dragooned systematically and ruthlessly through Community legislation at once sweepingly comprehensive and alarmingly brief. There are now European entry stamps on sale. There have been some gestures of ceremonial pomp directed at making entry seem palatable, and exciting. And there is a Fanfare. But there will not be found any genuine feeling of an enhancement of "civilization", any new spirit of "intellectual resources" harnessed to a new, selfless international spirit. There is no artistic or intellectual welcome—or any other perceptible welcome—for the formation of "the Nine". And this is because British intellectuals know, as clearly as anyone else, that these bromides are beside the point when the point is a link-up of ruling economic establishments which may change life, in due course, in other ways but will not automatically improve cultural interchange, or have any particular relevance to it.

Some years ago, one of the signatories of the letter wrote scathingly of the fact that "the world was not going to be changed by a handful of English writers". The point was, and is, taken; and it becomes a stronger

point as time passes. It goes [illegible] for intellectuals anywhere. [illegible] power of the state and the gian[t] national corporations increa[se] corporations are often more [power]ful than the states) the artist a[nd] intellectual is drawn more and [more] relentlessly into compliance [with] their demands. If he dissen[ts,] dissent is stamped into sile[nce,] converted into lunacy in th[e East;] and in the West—more clever[ly,] insidiously—*permitted*, as a co[nveni]ent safety-valve (all that bitte[r,] futile, theatre, those "subve[rsive"] underground films, all that imp[...] "folk and protest"). What ha[p]pened to Galanskov on the one [side;] what has been achieved by Gi[...] on the other?

Meanwhile, the mechanism[s of] political and economic power o[...] unaffected. The larger the [...] power, the harder the struggle [for in]dependence, and validity, of [...] sion will become. If a new c[...] tion were to be raised on th[e ...] cratic structures into which w[e have] been manoeuvred without [...] more right to say No than in [...] sharp letters to the newspap[ers ...] would hardly be one which [...] greater freedom in the arts, in [intel]lectual or academic life, in edu[...] (We had the freedom to publi[sh] letter, which we would not ha[ve ...] in some other places, but it ach[ieved] of course, absolutely nothing [...] the counting of a few disting[uished] and articulate heads who were [...] to have at least this small cha[nce of] showing themselves and being [...] bered.)

Nor will any plausible vene[er be] added to the European prosp[ect by] officially-subsidized rejoicing[. One] would like to ask, most sincere[ly and] in the most friendly way, Euro[pean] writers who were disappoint[ed—as] *The Times* later reported—by [the] British writers' letter against [the] Market, to ponder the various st[rands] in British refusal to be enamo[ured] of the European enterprise (a[s dis]tinct from the British governm[ent's] obsession with it). They might [find] more grounds for reassurance [in a] true community of interest tha[n they] may. Intellectual distrust [of] "Europe" in Britain is not nec[essar]ily a chauvinistic arrogance, [a] stereotyped insularity, or a blin[dness] to the potentialities of internat[ional] cooperation. It is a simple, scep[tical] desire not to be counted in o[n a] particular politico-economic de[al] because its forms and institu[tions] hold nothing of significance, and [per]haps even something of danger, [for] the artist.

It is for reasons like these [...] many of us here in Britain are [...] resolutely unwilling to be draw[n ...] though the Nine *may* be an acc[om]plished fact and the fanfares are [...] lowly ringing out. The positive [...] to be made is that we want, acti[...] to share the intellectual and art[istic] life of Europe—indeed, more imp[ort]antly, of everywhere—to meet, [...] exchange, to absorb and incorpo[rate] ideas into our own thinking and p[rac]tice, and to give of our own. [...] will continue to join with the arti[sts ...] communities of other countries [...] those points where creative acti[vity] is meaningful and fruitful in [...] artistic terms which we all che[rish]. But surely none of us, none of [...] fellow artists in the Nine or in [...] world, feels that we need the [...] eaucrats, the financiers, and leas[t] all the rhetoricians, to tell us wh[ere] those points are?


Uni[...]ters

The relationship[...] [u]niversities and their paymasters [...] recurrent subject for debate [...] [pu]blished two important studies [...] relationships of universities: A. G[...] (...) Diversity and Choice in Higher [...] and Michael Sanderson's The [...] British Industry 1850-1970 [...] [inte]rrelationships, expectations, cro[...] subsidies.

ROUTLED[GE & KEG]AN PAUL




# The communist testament of a country priest

[T]HE CASE of Jean Meslier is as remarkable as any in the history of French thought. Here is [a hu]mble country priest of Cham[pagne]; serving one parish all his [cleri]cal life, and living without [scan]dal or disorder; yet on his [death]bed in 1729 he bequeathed a [leng]thy *Mémoire des pensées et [senti]ments*, the *summa* of his life, [in w]hich he revealed himself as [an a]theist, a ferocious anti-Christian and a revolutionary calling for [a co]mmunist form of society. The [sto]ry of his posthumous reputation is no less striking. That the [manu]script should have survived may be surprising. Meslier had [lovin]gly worked and reworked his [testa]ment with loving care, and no [fewe]r than three copies of this [mas]sive treatise in his own hand [surv]ive. These three he appears to [have] deposited with the local clerk [of the] court, but they all finished [up in] the library of Chauvelin, the [Gard]e des Sceaux. That this stalwart [mem]ber of Fleury's government [shou]ld not only have preserved them [but] even allowed further copies of [this] scandalous document to be made [see]ms improbable, yet within a half-[doze]n years of Meslier's death ver[sions] of the *Mémoire* had made [their] way into the flourishing world [of c]landestine manuscripts. It soon [beca]me a collector's piece, a work [to] find in the libraries of rich [soph]isticates; perhaps it appealed [to] a mild sense of daring and [adv]enture, or may simply have [beco]me a status symbol to bring out [for f]riends' amusement.

[In] *philosophe* circles, however, it [ser]ved more serious purposes. [D'Al]embert was, fifty years later, in [a] session of the Académie Française, to urge men of letters to [leave] behind them outspoken *testa[ments] de mort*. Boulanger and Hel[véti]us had already done so; Diderot's own time-bombs were even[tuall]y to be even more explosive. [Volta]ire had spread the Meslier [gospe]l more directly by taking one [of th]e *extraits* then in circulation [and] giving it back to the public in [abrid]ged form in 1762. But Voltaire, [in po]pularizing Meslier, also de[form]ed him; he cut out the philo[sophi]cal and political sections, re[taine]d only the anti-Christian polemic and turned the *curé* into a deist. [Fur]ther confusion was wrought by [d'Hol]bach's *Le Bon Sens* (1772), [whic]h was a condensed version of [the] same author's materialist [...]ism; this work became attached [to M]eslier's name and has remained [so do]wn to recent years.

[The] true face of Meslier became [firs]t clear in 1864 when the full [text] of the *Mémoire* appeared in [Ams]terdam, thanks to the devoted

The first page of Meslier's *Mémoire des pensées et sentiments*, from the manuscript in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

JEAN MESLIER:
Oeuvres complètes
Edited by Jean Deprun, Roland Desné and Albert Soboul.
Volume 1: 540pp.
Volume 2: 600pp.
Volume 3: 648pp.
Paris: Anthropos. 60fr each.

efforts of a rationalist free-thinker, Rudolf Charles. But this labour of love was only nominally a milestone. The edition ran to a mere 550 copies and probably little more than half of them were sold. Meslier remained obscure.

The impulse for rehabilitating the *curé's* fame was to come from a distance. Meslier's brand of socialism had interested Russian scholars since the 1870s, and with the Russian Revolution he came to be taken up in a big way. The first Marxist analysis dates from 1918, the complete Russian translation of the *Mémoire* from 1937. In the Soviet Union Meslier is one of the great French writers; he is similarly honoured in Czechoslovakia and Poland.

Not surprisingly, then, it has required the attention of left-wing academics in France for Meslier to gain the same recognition in his native land. Maurice Dommanget's monumental *Le Curé Meslier* (1965) at last set the seal. But we have had to wait till now for the text itself to be made accessible. Here, in three volumes that represent a great scholarly achievement, this radical priest at last emerges from the shadows. With the works before us, we can now for the first time reliably study his theology, philosophy, and social criticism. The *Mémoire* is based on the best of the three holograph manuscripts (the Rudolf Charles edition had reproduced only a copy). In addition, we are given the covering *Lettres aux curés du voisinage* which accompanied the *Mémoire*, and also the *Anti-Fénelon*, a series of marginal notes on Fénelon's *Démonstration de l'existence de Dieu*. Neither appeared in the 1864 edition; indeed, the *Anti-Fénelon* has never before been published. These editions of Meslier's collected works come furnished with lavish notes and numerous appendixes on matters of philosophical, social, and political interest, and the work is rounded off with a sheaf of "Textes et documents", in which Voltaire's *Extrait* and the biographical information are of particular importance. Excellent prefaces have been provided, by Roland Desné on "L'homme, l'oeuvre et la renommée", Jean Deprun on the philosopher, and Albert Soboul on the social critic. The whole edition has been "animée et coordonnée" by M Desné, but many hands have been involved in the enterprise, in addition to those just mentioned. In layout and presentation these volumes are most pleasing to the eye, their only defect being that the paper cover is too limp for so much weight; it is a pity that an edition so lavish was obliged to economize in this respect.

This is a rich feast indeed, and no one can henceforth complain that Meslier is an unknown writer. But is he worth so much trouble? Is he merely an early saint in the Marxist hagiography? M Soboul perhaps does as much as anyone to "demystify" Meslier in this respect. Looking back at him along a Marxist perspective, M Soboul has several sharp criticisms to make of Meslier's shortcomings as a predecessor of communism. The less committed reader, far from being displeased by such revelations, will feel only gratitude for the cogent way the critic has placed Meslier squarely in his times. The merits stand out all the greater for it.

The ordinary person coming fresh to Meslier will probably be struck above all by two facets: the extrinsic situation of this writer, and the intrinsic passion in his work. The two are intimately entwined. Without Meslier's lifetime of prevarication and concealment, his views would not be so strongly felt. Whether his decision to make his opinions known only after his death arose from rational calculation or cowardice we cannot know, but we can guess at the drama of a solitary conscience at total odds with the surrounding world and in flagrant contradiction with itself each day he officiated at the Mass. If he had fled the Church and France, he would have needed to find a refuge where both his atheism and his revolutionary politics would be accepted; such places were hard to come by in the early eighteenth century, the more so if one lacked, as he did, an independent income. Besides, he may have shrewdly judged that to speak up in his lifetime was to invite scandal and suppression; the clandestine Testament might do much better with posterity, as indeed it turned out.

To accusations of hypocrisy Meslier must plead guilty. Opinions will differ when it comes to delivering the final judgment. The ethical problem does not seem to have concerned him, except that he perhaps regretted his inability to speak out while he lived. At any rate, he appears free of all guilt over betraying his charge. For the Church and the contemporary world he reserved a withering contempt. His hopes for mankind lay all in the future, and the revolution for which he looked did not appear imminent. After his death they could do with his corpse and his reputation as they wished; to him all that was supremely irrelevant. The *Mémoire* ends on a note of total honesty with himself about his impending death, all hopes of another world rigorously excluded: "Je finirai donc ceci par le rien, aussi ne suis-je guère plus qu'un rien, et bientôt je ne serai rien." The moral courage and the total lack of self-pity in his isolation can hardly fail to move us deeply all these centuries later.

Meslier may however have clung to his priesthood out of more than mere prudence. It is clear where he looks for the leaders of the enlightenment that will advance mankind; the secular clergy, as the "pasteurs des peuples", have a duty to educate their parishioners, to prepare them for the true "lumières de la raison" by whose aid alone man can make social and thereby moral progress. Did Meslier carry out his own pastoral duties in this light? We should dearly like to know. If the missing *Sermons*, which were still extant before the Revolution, ever come to light, it would be a signal day for our understanding of this man.

All we know of him as a priest is contained in these volumes. In general, he was conscientious and most of the archiepiscopal visitations gave him a favourable report. His one brush with authority came in 1716. The village *seigneur* had mistreated some of the peasants, so the *curé* refused to commend him in his sermon. The dispute went to the archbishop, who supported the feudal lord; whereupon the following Sunday Meslier from the pulpit complied, but in terms which left no doubt that he was acting under duress and had not in the least changed his mind. The dispute did not end until he was confined in a seminary at Rheims for one month. M Desné is very careful in discussing this incident not to turn it into a *cause célèbre*, indicating that such quarrels were not uncommon. Even so, the courage of the priest and his sense of outrage at injustice shine forth clearly here. It is hard to think of him as mealy-mouthed.


# Smyrna 1922

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and other essays
By Alison Uttley
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With drawings by C. F. Tunnicliffe. £1.80

FABER & FABER

More probably he reduced his Christian teaching to purely moral sermons wherever possible.

It is this outrage at injustice which pervades the *Mémoire*. Meslier felt compassion for suffering beings (animals included), but this pity had a steely edge to it. The evils of the idle rich are denounced with a rare bitterness: the nobility are vermin, gnawing away continually at "les pauvres peuples". There are no Heaven and Hell except on earth, where they are found side by side. While the rich man in his castle lives in prosperity, pleasure, joy, the poor man at his gate hard by suffers "les peines et les supplices de l'enfer". As the writer puts it incisively, the peasants are infected by the only true Original Sin, of being born into poverty, misery, and subservience to the great.

Such a situation was to Meslier's mind properly intolerable. So the call to rebellion follows logically. At times it reads, as Lanson put it, like the oratory of 1793. Meslier appeals to the "généreux meurtriers des tyrans" as of old, laments that there is none nowadays like Clément and Ravaillac (assassins of Henri III and Henri IV) to "poignarder tous ces détestables monstres". Only in this way will the poor rid themselves of all the authorities who oppress them, the judiciary, the tax-collectors, the bureaucrats. The eloquence rings out like an Old Testament prophet, heavy with biblical rhythms and phraseology. Apostate though he was, no one ever wrote more like a priest than the *curé* Meslier.

At I after the revolution would come the utopian world of brotherhood and equality. Meslier is not greatly interested in the modalities of this new society; his aim is to foment passions so as to bring it within realization. As the critics, particularly M Soboul, point out here, the writer's vision is essentially of an agrarian society. Aware of the famines which always threatened his world if there was a bad harvest, he wants to see a federation of small communities, in each of which property is held in collective ownership so that there is enough food for all. Urban and industrial problems simply do not come within this brief; it is a village communism that Meslier gives us, based on natural law and the light of reason rather than hard economic facts. But he is a philosopher, not an economist, laying down the general bases of this new civilization rather than its programme; and in his insistence that revolution is the only way to achieve what good will and appeals to landowners cannot, he is wholly on his own in the France of his time.

Meslier's chief grievance against the Church was that it supported this oppressive system. In Christian France slavery is in fact on the increase. But the Church is not only a pillar of society, it is wholly false in what it professes and practises. Most of the *Mémoire*, as befits a philosopher, is given over to a denunciation of Christianity and a demonstration that all religions are man-made. Meslier's philosophy has a down-to-earth quality about it. In line with Descartes, he will accept only what is self-evident; unlike Descartes, he does not place the existence of God in that category. At immense length, with many of the same arguments repeated in the *Anti-Fénelon*, he maintains that no evidence whatsoever exists for a God exterior to and creator of the universe. The only Being is matter itself. All actions and thoughts are modifications of that matter; the abstraction love does not exist, only you or I loving. And where to be found is this elusive, insubstantial God, whom believers claim to love when they do not even know him, when they suffer from all the evil which, if he were good and omnipotent, he would surely have prevented?

Meslier plunges into this attack on the "déicoles" with great zeal. As for "nos christicoles", they merely seem a particularly inferior version. They worship "dieux de pâte et de farine", they obey the teachings of what Meslier calls with picturesque scorn "les grands mirmadolins": their great saints, Augustine, Aquinas, Paul. Nor is the *curé* one to raise up Christ at the expense of Christianity. His tirades upon the founder of the religion are especially harsh. Jesus is a "fou", "fanatique", "homme de néant", "vil", "méprisable"; there is not even a saving word of praise for his humble origins and audiences. At no point is Meslier touched by the Christian teachings of charity and forgiveness; the *curé* has suffered, it would seem, too much from the institutional consequences of Christ's life on earth.

Where then does Meslier stand in the Enlightenment canon? Is he the major author that some would claim? It seems unlikely. The uniquely radical flavour of his philosophy in his own day, alone combining atheism with a communistic vision of the future, has an historical significance but cannot of itself elevate him to such status. Though new, the political concepts are limited. More interesting is the careful way materialism is expounded, with vigour, copious references, and much native wit; but here he is less original, and the commonsensicality of his logic, wholly admirable as it is, falls some way short of the sophisticated insights of a Descartes, Leibniz, Spinoza. The attack on Christian dogma and practices afforded much material to *philosophes* like Voltaire but holds few surprises for us today.

If Meslier commands a special place, it is because he saw, and felt, that all these aspects hung together. The fact that God did not exist was not to lead to a detached and comfortable scepticism; it only confirmed the scandal that all around him people were living in misery according to the dictates of a theocracy, where government and priesthood combined to deceive the people. This was not to be borne. In his own village of Etrépigny, with fewer than 150 inhabitants, bad harvests and child mortality went together; twelve children died in 1724 alone. Throughout the wars of Louis XIV's reign, this part of France was constantly subjected to pillaging, forced requisitions and billeting by royal troops. It sounds like a scenario for *Candide*. Scandalized by all the impostures and all the useless suffering, the *curé* looked for the day when, to quote an expression of his destined to notoriety, the lords of the earth might be strangled with the entrails of priests. Like Jeremiah, he calls down anathemas on his world. Even the original compassion seems largely transmuted to gall, since the poor peasant is too ignorant to help himself. Meslier is still a […] seeing himself and his kind […] guardians of Holy Writ; […] nature of the Scripture […] changed.

In most ways, indeed, he […] backwards; his experience a[nd] reading belong alike to the […] ingly harsh world of Louis […] declining years. The toleran[t] gradualist reforms of the […] Enlightenment thinkers ha[ve] place here; hopes of a […] rationalist world are all po[…] to the millennium. Meslier's contributions are characteris[…] in the domain of critical attac[k] the spectacle of this solitary […] whom wrath and pity are […] pounded, is strangely […] Though one is as blasphem[…] the other is saintly, he calls […] that other *curé de campagne* […] North-Eastern France, the fi[…] hero of Bernanos's *Journal*; […] dwell an unflinching integ[rity …] refusal to be overwhelm[ed …] authority, a thirst for the a[…] But Meslier is not an artis[…] tion; his double life, the fe[…] his condemnation and the […] ness of his revolt, make […] unique and compelling fi[gure in] this or any age. M Desné a[nd his] colleagues have placed us i[n their] debt for the way they hav[e …] ered and restored him in the […] possible light to the world […] ters.

# Inside the golden horseshoes

LESLIE ORREY:

A Concise History of Opera

252pp including 254 illustrations. Thames and Hudson. £2.50 (paperback, £1.50).

ANTHONY GISHFORD (Editor):

Grand Opera

272pp including 164 illustrations. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.25.

MICHAEL F. ROBINSON:

Naples and Neapolitan Opera

281pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £8.

Few art forms have been slower to change with the times than opera. It is perhaps symptomatic that this year's Christmas book-rush brought several enthusiastic histories of the genre but no comparable visions of the future. The typical opera-goer, it would seem, looks ever backward, lamenting the passing of the golden age, though seldom stopping to consider whether he would have been able to afford the entertainment had he lived in it.

In his introduction to Anthony Gishford's *Grand Opera*, Benjamin Britten casts a wistful glance at the aristocratic edifices which have traditionally housed the art:

> For the great repertoire of the last three hundred years the beautiful baroque houses illustrated in this book will always be needed. This is what most people still consider to be "going to the opera". But it isn't the only way.

If opera is to remain a living art, Britten reminds us, then the all-purpose hall, the factory canteen, the school gym, and the college campus may need to figure as importantly in its future as the golden horseshoes of today.

There are no factory canteens illustrated in Mr Gishford's lavish account of the great opera houses of the world. Leslie Orrey's *Concise History of Opera* comes closer to Britten's view. In his concluding sentence Mr Orrey notes that:

> Some of the apparently disruptive elements at work today, which seem to challenge opera's most cherished conventions, from the art of singing to the validity of the opera house itself as a building, are in fact less symbols of decay than reassuring evidence that opera, far from being moribund, is as vital today as it has ever been.

It is to Mr Orrey's credit that he never lets us forget that opera is and always has been a "living" art. Not the least merit of *The Concise History of Opera* is the attention it pays to what is ostensibly Mr Gishford's subject—the interaction of music and theatre. Eighteenth-century *opera seria* for example, is described as an art that "required for its fullest flowering the ampl[…] ence of a rich, self-centered autocratic court, with a ruler vain or insecure enough to welcome sycophantic flattery". Such works, often so tedious when performed in a modern setting, take on new life for us when we are reminded that "the setting was in reality the entire theatre; emperor, prince, king or duke, with their courtiers, apparelled as richly as the actors on stage, were an essential part of the show". To illustrate his point Mr Orrey admirably selects pictures revealing the interiors of the theatres as well as their stages, showing the disposition of the audience and orchestra in relation to the singers and scenery.

Though compelled to brevity, Mr Orrey keeps his eye steadily on the musical and dramatic values of the works he discusses, rather than simply giving us a catalogue of names, dates, and trends. Some of his judgments may make readers wish to rush to the nearest gramophone shop, as, for example, the assertion that Sacchini's *Dardanus* (1784) is comparable to the best of Mozart, or that Salieri's *Danaides* (same year) is "at least the equal of Gluck, if not more". Nor is the text without apt touches of humour. Of castrati, Mr Orrey writes that "one of the hardest things for us to understand is the contemporary acceptance, apparently with complete equanimity, of the incongruity of passionate protestations of love from eunuchs incapable of its consummation".

The illustrations in *A Concise History of Opera* are deftly chosen, carefully keyed to the text, informatively captioned, and beautifully reproduced. They begin with the ground-plan of the first Venetian opera-theatre in 1639 and end with a scene from Bernstein's *Mass*. The scope of the book, like the scope of Mr Orrey's taste, is truly catholic, including chapters on "Opera in the New World" and "Operetta, Musical Comedy and the Musical"—the latter mercifully stopping short of *Jesus Christ Superstar*. Inevitably in so comprehensive a work there are lapses and omissions: Strauss gets rather short shrift; Berlioz's failures in France are documented, but not his successes in Germany; *Béatrice et Benédict* is not even mentioned. But these are minor flaws in a work of outstanding beauty and usefulness.

Anthony Gishford's book covers a more limited subject, the individual stories of the principal opera houses still in use throughout the world today. The text is the work of several hands, but principally Mr Gishford's. This book covers all the major European houses, plus those of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Buenos Aires and Sydney (the latter not yet opened).

Such an undertaking can be […] applauded as filling a decided gap in musical scholarship in English. Heretofore the stories of most of the houses treated in this work have been confined to the language of the original country. Moreover, the wealth of information provided here is of a sort generally omitted from the standard histories of opera, which tell us much about the composers and the singers but little about the theatres where they plied their trade. (*A Concise History of Opera* is a notable exception.)

It is intriguing to discover that the legendary hostility of audiences in Parma goes back at least to the time of Rossini, when an erratic tenor was arrested on stage by the city's police chief for shouting obscenities in reply to the spectators' cat-calls. And for those of us who still have trouble pronouncing Bayreuth it may be reassuring to learn that Fafner's neck may have failed to arrive in time for the first performance of *Siegfried* because it was misdirected from London to Beirut.

Unfortunately most of *Grand Opera* remains on this anecdotal level, failing to sustain any serious discussion of the economics or sociology of opera, or even of the evolution of stage-design and its relation to musical form, as suggested by Britten in his brief introduction. There is rather more about "personalities" and less about "houses" than the title of the work would suggest. The illustrations, with some exceptions, are equally disappointing. The photographs of the stage and auditorium of the Drottningholm theatre in Sweden, with its still-operating eighteenth-century machinery, are fascinating. Others, however, appear to have been selected at random, bearing little relation to the text. Often they are so vaguely captioned as to be seriously misleading. A colour photograph of Marc Chagall painting his ceiling for the Paris Opéra, for instance, appears without identification in the midst of the account of the Teatro la Fenice in Venice. The familiar portraits of composers and singers add little to our knowledge of what went on before the footlights or behind the scenes at La Scala, the Bolshoi, or […] Garden.

*Naples and Neapolitan Op[era]*, on the other hand, does add […] tantly to our knowledge […] history of opera. Michael [Robin]son's work furnishes new in[forma]tion on the training of singe[rs,] the composition and perform[ance of] operas in the theatres of eigh[teenth-]century Naples, and goes a f[…] towards explaining why duri[ng this] period Naples was commo[nly re]garded as "the capital [of the] world's music". Meticulous[ly re]searched and engagingly [written,] the book will take a worthy [place] beside S. Towneley Wors[thorne's] *Venetian Opera in the Seve[nteenth] Century* as a guide to [the] production of a still vital co[…] musical-dramatic works.

If Mr Robinson's study […] slights the arts of theatre […] and staging, the attention […] the interplay between libret[tist and] composer during this period […] serve to bury the myth that […] litan opera was an exclusive[ly musi]cal diversion. How many o[f these] operas are capable of moder[n revi]val is a question Mr Ro[binson,] perhaps wisely, does not […] but producers may well wish […] note of his lucid textual […] and copious musical examples.

A handy new reference […] which will be warmly welco[med by] all music administrators […] *Music Yearbook 1972-73*, ed[ited by] Arthur Jacobs (750pp. Mac[millan.] £4.95). Published in collab[oration] with the National Music C[ouncil,] the *Yearbook* is divided into […] parts. The first is a surv[ey …] articles and statistics of […] activity in 1971, the second c[onsists] of reference articles and a […] ary tribute to Vaughan W[illiams,] and the third is a directory […] musical profession and its […] tions. This directory is ma[inly …] the United Kingdom, but it […] a section listing international […] nizations and major orc[hestras,] opera companies, and other […] tions in more than forty cou[ntries.]

*February Publications*

**IDENTITY AND RELATIONSHIP**

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**G. Thomson**

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This English text, together with the original Russian of the lecture, is available as a hard-back book, price £1.00 post free, from Stenvalley Press, 73 Sussex Square, London, W2.

# To the Editor

## Theologians and Pastors

Sir,—In a distinguished series of [art]icles on "Doers and Thinkers", [it] is a pity that you should choose [a] senior administrative officer of [the] Roman Catholic Church in this [cou]ntry to deal with the article on [Theo]logy (December 22). Within the [ter]ms of the article, it is difficult [to] describe Cardinal Heenan as a [thinke]r, because he is obviously too [bus]y for the usual rounds of pastoral work, and it is many years [sin]ce he has had time to be the [th]inker that he once promised to [be]. However, I approached the [art]icle with hope. I was soon disappointed to discover that he was [batt]ling still with John Robinson's *[Hon]est to God*, that his quotations [fro]m Karl Barth were so peripheral [to] his central thinking, that Bon[ho]effer, Bultmann and Tillich were [tre]ated as though they were no [mor]e than quotes in John Robin[son]'s paperback and that the Cardi[nal] had nothing to say about the [the]ologians of his own confession. [I] presume that even he will allow [A]ugustine to be as Protestant as he [is] Catholic!

The main attack of the article is [res]erved for Bultmann, Cardinal [He]enan's *bête noire* as all who [lis]ten to him on radio know. He [tot]ally ignores the intention of [Ru]dolf Bultmann, which was to help [hi]s students who were unable to [co]mmunicate the Gospel to their [ow]n generation. He also ignores the [fac]t that Bultmann's theology was of [im]mense value to preachers. If we [are] to be stuck in the metaphysics of [the] Middle Ages we are surely go[ing] to perpetuate that dishonesty [and] division between what we hear in [ch]urch and what we live by for the [res]t of the week.

In particular, I must deplore the [dis]missal of Bonhoeffer as a theolo[gian] because he died before he was [six]ty. Are Shelley and Keats to be [dis]regarded as poets because they [did] not live to the age of Tenny[son] or even Gerard Manley Hop[kin]s? This article does credit [nei]ther to the excellent series nor [to] the mind of the Archbishop. I [wo]uld a Protestant theologian will [be] found who has read the works [of] modern theology with care.

E. H. ROBERTSON.

[…]1 Ashley Gardens, London SW1.

Sir,—Is it really true, as Cardinal [Hee]nan suggests (December 22), [tha]t Christianity has no future in [Eng]lish-speaking countries because [th]e younger clergymen are dis[cip]les of Rudolf Bultmann? I was [orda]ined in 1962, when the churches [wer]e already half-empty in this [cou]ntry. The statistics show that [the] decline began immediately after [the] First World War—long before [Bul]tmann was known in Britain. [Co]uld the Cardinal criticize my [gen]eration, or ask where his went [wr]ong?

JAMES BENTLEY.

[Th]e Rectory, 233 Barton Road, [Stre]tford M32 9RB.

## 'Art and the Industrial Revolution'

[Sir],—Nobody could be better [pleas]ed than I to see a dozen [colu]mn-inches given to a friendly [revi]ew (December 29) of Francis [Kli]ngender's *Art and the Industrial [Rev]olution* in its long-overdue paper[back] form. But in justice to [Kli]ngender, I think the review itself [cal]ls for comment.

[Ce]rtainly there are many omis[sion]s in this work—of which we are [we]ll aware because it was such a [pi]oneer. It seems that the reviewer [has] not looked at the first edition of [194]7, or is not aware of the genesis [of] the book in Klingender's prepara[tion] of the remarkable Centenary [Exh]ibition of the Amalgamated [Eng]ineering Union in 1945; nor per[hap]s has he quite grasped the fact [tha]t Klingender was hardly then in [a p]osition to extend his research over [a lo]ng period, but was under some [pers]onal compulsion to put his truly [orig]inal work before us in time for [the] commemoration of that other [cent]enary which followed in the year [of] publication—that of the "Year [of] Revolutions", 1848. What [Kl]ingender had discovered in his [re]searches for the AEU went far wider than his initial object, and was full of most stimulating hints for all who were aware of it—historian, artist, economist, factory worker, labour activist.

If your reviewer had compared the present edition with the first—not with the second—he would know that in it the birth dates of Watt and Stubbs are correctly given; that Hamlet Winstanley is not referred to, and that though his birth-date is now wrongly given by a century, this is (a) clearly a misprint—obvious from the fact that Stubbs's birth-date appears on the same and on the facing page as 1724—and (b) in no way an error on the part of a historian as scrupulous as he was stimulating. A more careful reading of this paperback edition will show, in fact, that it has many absurd errors of this kind—more glaring ones have escaped your reviewer—due entirely to the hasty resetting (for it is not a facsimile) of the book.

A more careful reading of any of the three editions of the book would show something more important than misprints—that Klingender *does* deal with both Stubbs and Wright at some length, in their relation with their important patron, the industrialist Wedgwood: that he *does* refer to Wedgwood's patronage of Flaxman also, though briefly: that he does *not* ignore the work of Blake, whom he quotes at some length.

To give an account of the exercise of patronage by the early industrialists was not central to Klingender's theme, though he could hardly deal with that theme without reference to such patronage. He was concerned to demonstrate, what he had found in preparing the exhibition, how much and in what unexpected and forgotten ways the new visual experience afforded by foundries, mines, mills and factories, had penetrated the consciousness and vision of artists, even without that patronage, often in a miraculous marriage of immediate realism and the "sublime".

In respect of Blake: Klingender properly deals with his verbal, not his visual, comment on the changing scene and its incipient horrors—of which he could have virtually no experience. It is simply not true to say that Blake's work "alone provided a powerful visual witness to the human drama of the Industrial Revolution". Blake's visual images are not of the vegetable order which this would imply, and it is in his *Songs of Experience* and in the Prophetic Books that he bears his witness.

As for the patronage of Flaxman and Blake by Wedgwood, though Flaxman was certainly patronized as an artist (within the circumscription of tasteful decoration) and designer, Blake was as certainly not so patronized. His work for the Wedgwood Catalogue (in what way was this trade catalogue designed by the sculptor?) was precisely that of the craftsman-engraver—the "commercial artist", to use a later term. He received from Wedgwood's London warehouse crates or hampers of the Staffordshire pottery: from those crocks he made the simple pedestrian drawings that were needed for the trade Wedgwood now conducted in three continents: he then engraved his own drawings, illustrative of the variants on cup and saucer, tureen and sauce-boat. This, like the work for Hayley, gave Blake bread; but far less than that was this creative; in no way could it be said to invite him to any kind of creation. The work came to him, as such work often did, through his more fashionable friend Flaxman. It is a measure of the limitations of Wedgwood's perception that it was the sculptor, not the poet-engraver, whom he employed as a designer. His patronage of Stubbs and Wright, however, *was* patronage of them as artists, however confined by the English portrait tradition, and he got much better from them than from Flaxman.

I find it hard to understand the meaning of "the way in which artists adapted other aspects of the industrial revolution—Adam Smith's division of labour, or Watt's steam-power—to the mechanics of the print industry". The division of labour was an essential factor in the transition from craft-based to factory-based production observed by Smith—but in no way a tool, theoretical or otherwise, which was used or adapted. Nor is it a quibble to say that, in their capacity of *artist*, no men of the period promoted the division of labour, or the application of steam power to print or any other process. In their capacity of *craftsman*—engraver, printer—some such, like Bewick, were to some extent agents of change in the printing industry; but this is another theme not central to Klingender's concern when the book was conceived. It is in textiles, mining, foundries and engineering, that the great motor of the Industrial Revolution is to be found; that its later stages could hardly have advanced satisfactorily without the active participation of a printing industry transformed by stereotyping, the steam-press, the mechanical composition, is true: but this is not where Klingender's story began.

Your reviewer seems unaware that Arthur Elton not only edited the second edition (I suspect he has had no responsibility for the present edition) but wrote into it a good deal, by way of expansion and elucidation (not always wisely) of what Klingender had often left as notes. A look at the last four pages, for example, of the final chapter—"New-fangled Men"—would if compared with the first edition show how this was done. It is in the course of such an expansion that Hamlet Winstanley, who does not even appear as a name in the first edition, quite properly enters the revised account of Stubbs's life: while such artists as Whistler, and such authors as Jules Verne, have also, with variable warrant, come into the picture.

Finally, it is true that in such books as E. P. Thompson's *Making of the English Working Class* and Benedict Nicolson's *Joseph Wright of Derby*, new material, or new development of ideas, may supplement or in detail correct Klingender. But these two books are not only very different from each other, but so different in aim and kind from Klingender, as to make the reference misleading. Thompson's book is much more general; Nicolson's much more particular, setting out to give us the definitive work on Wright. Klingender's book deals with the fount of new material, chiefly visual (this is so even when his illustration is a passage from *The Botanic Garden*, or *The Fleece*) which became available to expand the vision of the artists, even if it did not always do as much for their patrons. In such a book he could certainly not have dealt with any artist in the exhaustive way in which Wright is treated by Nicolson: nor was he concerned with creating a new hierarchy among our artists: he devoted nearly as much space to James Sharples as to Stubbs: not because he thought Sharples a greater or as great an artist: but because, as an artist, Sharples was the product of the foundries in which he worked, not a professional painter admiring and awestruck by the splendid and horrific visions the workshop offered.

This book will go on being extended in the work of other men and women; in detail it will be corrected, and new material will be investigated which will subtilize and deepen the ideas first offered us by Klingender. Those ideas have provided us not just with an interesting way of looking at the traditionally uncomfortable relationship between art and industry, but with a radically new way of understanding the whole development of the "English School"—whose rise from a scrub of miscellaneous Continental influences and an archaic native tradition coincides precisely with the period with which Klingender's book essentially deals.

RAYMOND WATKINSON.

35 Over Street, Brighton, Sussex.

## Alexander von Schelting

Sir,—I hope you will allow me to correct a factual error in your review of my book, *Sociological Analysis* (December 1), and make a brief comment on the implications of this error.

Your reviewer says: "A key influence on Dr Sahay's thinking about Weber was an article by Alexander von Schelting on Weber's method and its comparison with that of Karl Mannheim in his sociology of knowledge, an article which was used by Talcott Parsons in his *Structure of Social Action*."

In fact, Alexander von Schelting's work is embodied in an extraordinarily penetrating, closely argued and comprehensively long book with a self-explanatory title: *Max Webers Wissenschaftslehre: Das logische Problem der historischen Kulturerkenntnis. Die Grenzen der Soziologie des Wissens (Max Weber's Methodology: The Logical Problem of Historical Cultural Knowledge. The Limits of the Sociology of Knowledge)*. It was published by J. C. B. Mohr (Paul Siebeck), Tübingen, in 1934. It is a sad reflection on both the publishing and the academic worlds that neither a new German edition nor an English translation has ever been produced.

This neglect may account for your reviewer's error, but it is difficult to explain away when Talcott Parsons and Edward Shils and many other eminent sociologists have acknowledged the value of this work. It is, besides being the only full-scale commentary on Weber and Mannheim in German, English or French, an original and classic analysis of the existential as well as objective sides of the problem of historical and social-scientific knowledge. If it had been re-published or translated into English in the past twenty years, as Weber's works have been, it could have resolved the whole crisis which eminent scholars today seem to have discovered for themselves.

It might, further, have made your reviewer's judgment, that my exposition of Weber could be more lucid, unnecessary, as he would have realized that Weberian sociology is concerned with the extremely subtle and abstract nature of the metaphysics of human beings as the source of their social action, and its effects. He would also have known that without such an explanation sociology is meaningless.

ARUN SAHAY.

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*** Our reviewer writes:—Of course, Dr Sahay is right to point out that von Schelting's work is contained not in an article but in a book, and I naturally support his plea that that book, so influential in shaping Parsons's interpretation of Weber, should be translated as early as possible. It is important, however, to notice that this book was published in 1934 and that there has been a great deal of interpretative work on Weber since then. As I said, Dr Sahay has concerned himself with a specialized problem relating to Weber's place in the sociological tradition, but there is much to be added from later discussion which would set Weber in a wider perspective.

## Stravinsky

Sir,—The author of the article "The genius of transition" (December 22), which set out to review four recently published books, one by and the other three about Igor Stravinsky, mentioned my study of the composer (*Stravinsky: the composer and his works*, 1966) and stated that it was "written with the assistance of Mr Craft". As remarks of this kind can be misinterpreted so as to imply some form of general collaboration rather than occasional help, I would like, in justice to Robert Craft and myself, to put the record straight.

In 1961, when Mr Stravinsky heard that I was going to write this book, he sent me a letter saying, "I am delighted at news that you plan to write a book about me and my music, and I wish you all success". Subsequently, when I needed to consult the composer on certain points, Robert Craft proved a friendly, tactful and reliable intermediary. The text of the resulting book, however, including the full and detailed register of works—about 250,000 words in all—was entirely mine; and I accept full responsibility for it.

While I was working on this book, two new factors emerged. The first was that Robert Craft unexpectedly offered me the chance to print as one of my appendixes the catalogue of the manuscripts (1904-1952) in Stravinsky's possession which he (Craft) had compiled in the composer's Hollywood home in 1954. This was an important addition to my book, and I readily accepted Mr Craft's generous offer. The second was that in the summer of 1965, when my book was in its final proof stages, some letters to Stravinsky dating from 1913, the year of the first performance of *The Rite of Spring*, were discovered on an old file in his Hollywood house. These were from Claude Debussy, Frederick Delius, Maurice Ravel and Jules Romains. Had Stravinsky been aware of their existence a few years previously, they would probably have been included in the 1959 volume of the Stravinsky/Craft *Conversations*, which had featured a number of other letters from Ravel to Stravinsky. As it was, Stravinsky generously offered me (through Craft) the chance to print them as a further appendix to my book—an offer which, once again, was gratefully accepted. I should add, however, that at no time, so far as concerned me, was there any suggestion that Stravinsky's own letters to these correspondents should be printed as well. These will presumably have to wait for the collected edition, which one hopes will appear in the not too distant future with Robert Craft as editor.

ERIC WALTER WHITE.

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## 'The Russian Revolution'

Sir,—I should like to make clear the reasons for the "petty inconvenience" which your reviewer rightly noted in his excellent review of Marc Ferro's *The Russian Revolution of February 1917* (December 22).

Our edition was offset from the American edition, which omitted the notes and bibliography entirely. This seemed to vitiate the scholarly intention of the book, so these were especially revised and translated for our edition. It was technically impossible to place the notes at the foot of the page, or to reference them numerically in the text. The only alternative was to place them at the end of the book. The result is clumsy, but from a scholarly point of view, surely better than no apparatus at all?

The student might note that some of the misprints and inconsistencies in the French edition notes and bibliography have been corrected in our edition, and English translations noted where possible for works cited in French or other languages: both revisions have been carried out with the aim of making this important book more accessible to the non-French speaker.

ANDREW WHEATCROFT.

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# God's groups

DONALD E. MacINNIS:

**Religious Policy and Practice in Communist China**

392pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £3.25.

The idea underlying this book is wholly admirable: to collect all the most important published documents and pronouncements made on religion in Communist China. It owes its genesis to the enlightened sponsorship of the National Council of Churches, New York, for which Donald MacInnis has been editing the quarterly *China Notes* for some years. (Unfortunately the NCC recently terminated its sponsorship of the parallel "Religion in Communist Dominated Areas" and so now has no research programme on Eastern Europe or the Soviet Union.)

Mr MacInnis's standards of objectivity are high. Only a fine and prolonged research effort could have unearthed such a collection of documents. Also he has presented them in good English and provided them with admirable and concise introductions. The book is essential for all who wish to come to grips with the recent history of religion in China.

However, without losing any scholarly value, it might have been made easier for the general reader. A substantial introduction would have helped, setting out the broad lines of recent history. This would have complemented the present thematic layout (in political sections) and made it easier to follow what had actually happened to Roman Catholics, Muslims, Buddhists and other groups—information which is very scattered under the construction adopted. This, too, might have revealed more clearly that certain parts of the subject are less adequately treated than others. For example, it is surprising to find that, though Tibet seems to come within Mr MacInnis's terms of reference, there is no documentation on the Panchen and Dalai Lamas. The latter should have figured prominently, since Mr MacInnis does not exclude documentation originating from foreign observers. The Dalai Lama, as a key émigré, should have had much more to say than some non-Chinese, non-Tibetan witnesses who are included.

To find an adequate account of the treatment of individual churches, the reader must turn to Richard Bush's *Religion in Communist China* (1970), to which Mr MacInnis pays tribute in his introduction. It would also have been helpful to have had a section on the place of religion in Chinese society and why religious concepts in that context are so vastly different from their Western equivalents.

A comparable publication on the Soviet Union would give extensive *samizdat* evidence from religious believers in the situation and the insight would thus be deepened. Until such material becomes available from Communist China, Mr MacInnis's book will remain the standard documentary work on its subject.

# Batting together

IAN H. NISH:

**Alliance in Decline**

424pp. Athlone Press. £7.50.

"While they will never let us into their spheres, they are trying to steal a march into ours, and this is not cricket between Allies." The reference is to the Japanese in China during the winter of 1913-14; the critic is the British Ambassador in Tokyo, Sir Conyngham Greene. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance, renewed in 1911 for a further ten years, was by no means free of discord. China was the stumbling block. Every advance made by Japan in that country seemed to be at the expense of British interests. Yet, as Ian Nish's scholarly study points out, Sir Edward Grey in London "took a longer view and accepted a certain amount of Japanese commercial expansion with equanimity". For, after all, the real importance of the Japanese alliance was its influence on British naval plans. It spared the Admiralty the necessity of maintaining a large fleet in the Far East against the threat presented by Spee's up-to-date cruiser squadron based on Tsingtao. Within six months of Ambassador Greene's complaint the Japanese were batting manfully in partnership with the Royal Navy, blockading Tsingtao and hunting for German vessels in the Western Pacific.

Dr Nish confirms, on the basis of a thorough study of the relevant Japanese and British sources, that in naval circles in both countries the Alliance rested on a mutual regard quite as warm and genuine as inherited folklore—in Japan as in Great Britain—has always suggested. It is true that Jellicoe, anxious about the U-boat sinkings and desperate to obtain Japanese naval help in the Mediterranean, protested at the end of 1916 that Japan was "not taking a full share in the war". But within a matter of weeks Tokyo agreed to send a substantial destroyer force to Malta; and if a price was paid for this—namely, the secret agreement on Shantung and the Pacific islands—it is fair to emphasize that Japan's decision to help in the Mediterranean was made regardless of Britain's response to her political demands, although, as Dr Nish observes, "Japan was doubtless confident that Britain would not refuse". The fact is that the Japanese navy's respect for its British counterpart was of very long standing, pre-dating the Alliance. In the Japanese attitude there was something of the sentiment that a man feels towards his *onshi*, a revered teacher to whom one owes a profound obligation.

This sentiment, however, was not universal. The army, for example, had an admiration for German efficiency that was not dimmed by what the Japanese felt to be the unimpressive performance put up by the small British military contingent at the siege of Tsingtao. In fact, many Japanese generals, including Premier Terauchi himself, made no great secret of their pro-German inclinations. But having investigated the question of clandestine Japanese-German diplomatic and military contacts during the First World War, Dr Nish is satisfied that no backsliding, no betrayal of the Alliance, was ever seriously contemplated.

From the British point of view, then, the Japanese during the First World War played the game—even if it was not always cricket. So those who cherished the association with Britain felt particularly aggrieved by the manner in which the Alliance was terminated during the Washington Conference. Here Dr Nish appears to be a trifle too bland: he remarks that the ending of the Alliance was a healthy development, since "it opened up the possibility of a fresh approach in East Asia, unfettered by inelastic relationships from the past". Curzon's view, expressed at the imperial conference of 1921, was prophetic. If Britain dropped the Alliance (he argued), Japan might "seek future friends in another quarter; and this, in another ten or twenty years' time, might alter the whole face of the Eastern world and constitute a danger to our position".

Dr Nish's study is in every way a worthy successor to his earlier work on the first period of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It is written with dry urbanity; and certain passages will linger very long in one's mind. Of Crown Prince Hirohito in Britain in 1921, Dr Nish writes: "He gave the impression of being tolerant and well-mannered, as any Japanese must who listens to the Kimigayo anthem being played on the bagpipes". Above all, Dr Nish has performed a service for historians: the period of the Alliance with which he deals has been poorly covered hitherto, at least from the British side. It is difficult to imagine that this authoritative book, well documented and thoroughly well thought out, will ever be superseded. One wishes only that it were more reasonably priced.

# Satan's stronghold

PAT BARR:

**To China with Love**

210pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.75.

Of all the Protestant missionaries who swarmed about the world in the high tide of nineteenth-century evangelism, those who went to China seem in retrospect to have been the most foolhardy and bizarre. Most of them were unbelievably ardent and self-sacrificing; others were social climbers, not a few proved to be eccentrics; almost all arrived with an impenetrable dedication to their objectives. Forty years or more later their self-righteousness was undimmed.

The clash of cultures was stark: neither side could have understood very well what the other was talking about. The jargon of the evangelical faith must have taxed any attempt at translation into Chinese. Even the Christian God appeared in several different renderings. Nor had China any religion that could be compared with Christianity; the heathen condition of the country was laid bare. At most there were ill-kept temples filled with "idols". This was quite enough to fire the missionaries. They were battling in Satan's stronghold and the evil one was ever-present.

Hudson Taylor, who founded the China Inland Mission, was one of the boldest pioneers. He soon realized that some domestication to Chinese ways was essential if any effective communication with these self-contained people was to succeed. Like Mao Tse-tung's sinification of a Marxist Communist Party in our own day, some concessions to Chinese ways had to be made by the foreign evangelists. If they were to escape the apprehensive stares of the multitude, at least they must look Chinese, so the Manchu queue and gown became normal wear after the 1860s and remained so for those doing pastoral work among Chinese peasants right through to the 1930s. Indeed, Taylor's vision was of a church both truly Christian and truly Chinese.

Pat Barr's account of some of these formidable characters is fascinating and admirably judged. She limits her portraits to the period from 1860, when China had been prised open by the second Anglo-Chinese war, to the Boxer catastrophe of 1900, after which Chinese xenophobia was so sternly repressed as to reduce sharply the risk to their lives from which the missionaries had hitherto suffered.

In contrast to such fundamentalists as Hudson Taylor and his drapers, blacksmiths, governesses and carpenters, there was also a sprinkling of Anglican gentry, notably the Moule dynasty who settled in Chekiang province. Lewis Nicol, a blacksmith from Arbroath, was a renegade from Hudson Taylor's hard-praying, selfless team. Mrs Barr calls him an obstinate, whining social climber who fostered hostility between the Anglican and CIM camps. Hudson Taylor's lot needed to learn some English grammar and manners, protested Archdeacon Moule; without even looking into the matter he wrote complaining of Hudson Taylor's relations with his unmarried young women, purely on Nicol's sly innuendoes.

The peak of the evangelical movement in England was associated with Moody and Sankey's revivalist campaign of the 1880s.

> Hold the Fort for I am coming
> Jesus signals still;
> Wave the answer back to Heaven
> By Thy Grace I will.

With such rousing appeals the trawl was often rich, especially the batch of Cambridge undergraduates who came to be known as the Cambridge Seven. Led by C. T. Studd the cricketer, this manly bunch of Blues from gentry families answered the call and set off for China together, their baggage plastered over with labels: God First. They were to give the Protestant missionary movement in China a lift in status that lasted for decades.

Yet the awful truth sta[illegible] zealots in the face was [illegible] made almost no impact a[illegible] Chinese. The thought of [illegible] of millions to be saved w[illegible] cating, the balance sheet [illegible] Two converts per annum [illegible] sionary at most, declared [illegible] *The Times* correspondent [illegible] treaty port businessmen w[illegible] very sympathetic. By co[illegible] with the contemporary [illegible] Africa, led by national he[illegible] Livingstone, the catch [illegible] Chinese front was pitiful [illegible] seventy-one visits in the [illegible] Hudson Taylor had to co[illegible] only one old woman baptised [illegible] none", admitted the lone [illegible] Mongolia, James Gilmour, [illegible] years combing the steppes [illegible] not yet seen a single Mongol [illegible] about his soul.

Mrs Barr's judgment [illegible] people is warmed by a [illegible] that is clear-headed in its [illegible] They were farcical, obstinate [illegible] to the realities of China, often [illegible] She sees how often their mindless dedication became [illegible] propagating: self-analysis [illegible] kind never had a chance [illegible] result most of them seemed [illegible] even the knack of a com[illegible] garden happiness. What would [illegible] men have thought of the [illegible] Chairman Mao? Did they [illegible] overlook the seeds of dec[illegible] Satan's stronghold?

# Final Ch'ing

MARINA WARNER:

**The Dragon Empress**

**Life and Times of Tz'u-hsi, 1835-1908**

271pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.25.

Marina Warner's book attempts a great deal, to portray the life and the times of Tz'u-hsi, the Empress Dowager of China whose malign influence did so much to hasten the decline and fall of the Ch'ing empire, and who is chiefly remembered in the West for her naive but wholehearted support of the Boxer Rebellion. Her life was a long and dramatic one (1835-1908) for from 1852 when she first became an imperial concubine, she was an *éminence* who increasingly refused to remain *grise*, although her role stretched the traditional interpretation of what was constitutionally possible to the limit.

The times, too, were stir[illegible] here Miss Warner faithfully [illegible] the confusion every foreig[illegible] feel when confronted w[illegible] jumble of events which m[illegible] Chinese history in the ni[illegible] and twentieth centuries, [illegible] she does little by any emp[illegible] analysis of her own to gu[illegible] reader through them. No [illegible] of the life of Tz'u-hsi, par[illegible] in its domestic details, can [illegible] surprise and fascinate, althou[illegible] Warner has not produced sub[illegible] additions to the picture offer[illegible] recently, in Charlotte Ha[illegible] readable biography, *The La[illegible] Empress of China* (1965). The [illegible] of such a book as this must [illegible] lie to a large extent in its [illegible] illustrations, notably a dis[illegible] photograph of a half-clothed [illegible] but the lavishness could have [illegible] with a little more care in pl[illegible]

# The student consul

KATHARINE SANSOM:

**Sir George Sansom and Japan**

183pp. Diplomatic Press. £6.

The Japan Consular Service in its relatively short existence of less than 100 years provided Britain with valuable expertise. It also continued the old tradition of the scholar diplomat, and Sir George Sansom was its greatest product.

Sansom began his career in Japan in 1904 as a student interpreter in the days when, as he related in later life, it was "even thought rather priggish to attend the chancery in the afternoon. . . . The bag left once a month for the Foreign Office and there was no point in hurrying to write despatches." For some in outlying posts it was a lonely life; for many who, like Sansom, were studious by nature the language and culture of the country provided a permanent and adequate solace. He threw himself into his studies and, despite inadequate textbooks, made himself an expert in Japanese language and history.

In the years between the wars there was no Western scholar of Japan who could equal his understanding and, more important, his ability to communicate his knowledge to others. His *Cultural History of Japan* (1931) is still the best introduction to Japanese history. Students of classical Japanese still turn to his historical grammar. His *Western World and Japan* is a stimulating guide to an absorbing topic. His three-volume history of Japan illuminates a particularly complex story.

As a colleague in the diplomatic and later in the academic world Sansom was admired for his scholarship and wisdom, and loved for his kindness and good humour. Created a KCMG when he was still Commercial Counsellor in Tokyo, he should have been Ambassador to Japan before the war but was barred by the prewar tradition which reserved the top diplomatic posts for members of the general diplomatic service.

Katherine Sansom's memoir is tantalizingly slight. We are given hardly any of Sansom's own comments; and the few letters or extracts from his own writings which Lady Sansom quotes show clearly what we have missed. It was doubtless his own modesty which prevented him from writing an autobiography. Lady Sansom has had to fill in with extracts from her own letters. Some of these reveal a charming naivety; others, perhaps reflecting her husband's sharp mind, provide an amusing and apt sidelight on people and events.

The most trying time for Sansom was just before the Second World War. With his political and commercial contacts he realized only too well the way Japan was going and saw the need for a strong response to Japanese bullying. But Sir Robert Craigie, the Ambassador, wo[illegible] listen to his advice. He st[illegible] loyally but the strain of th[illegible] tion and the rising anti-fore[illegible] ing affected his health. It [illegible] great relief for him to go to C[illegible] bia as visiting Professor of J[illegible] and relax in an academic [illegible] sphere; but this did not la[illegible] long. His expertise was [illegible] again; he served first in Si[illegible] on Duff Cooper's staff and la[illegible] Minister responsible for Far E[illegible] Affairs on Lord Halifax's st[illegible] the British Embassy in Wash[illegible]

Sansom was able to spend o[illegible] short time in Japan during the [illegible] war American occupation. [illegible] formed a high opinion of G[illegible] MacArthur, although he [illegible] shrewdly that his political de[illegible] ment consisted of "a lot of [illegible] and well intentioned young men [illegible] were not aware of the facts of [illegible] tical life". He particularly de[illegible] endless time-wasting meetings o[illegible] Far Eastern Commission, of [illegible] he was a member, recalling Ho[illegible] comment on "the frequency o[illegible] significant speech" as being [illegible] greatest obstacle to good go[illegible] ment—a sensible reminder to [illegible] servants everywhere.

Sansom's declining years [illegible] spent in the academic atmos[illegible] of Berkeley in California, whe[illegible] climate suited his delicate he[illegible] But it is a sad commentary o[illegible] state of oriental studies in B[illegible] that no British university o[illegible] him the facilities he needed to [illegible] plete his History of Japan.





# Scott and his alter ego

W. E. K. ANDERSON (Editor):

**The Journal of Sir Walter Scott**

812pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £12.50.

EVEN IF we do not admire Scott as a writer, we are likely to feel affection and admiration for him as a man. In his last ars Scott's contemporaries ought of him as a courageous and nourable man who managed to main accessible, despite his fame, d generous, gentle and amusing, spite sickness and penury. As E. K. Anderson puts it in the roduction to his new edition of Journal,

> No one can fail to be impressed, like the early reviewer of Douglas's edition, by its account of "indomitable manliness, and prodigious industry". He writes through days of pain and sickness; he writes down the depression of spirits which afflicted him more often than his friends or family were allowed to know; he writes day in and day out, weekday and Sunday, in Edinburgh and at Abbotsford, to pay the debts which he considered debts of honour. The *Journal* confirms, too, the opinion of those who knew Scott, that he was one of the pleasantest of great writers. His generosity is everywhere apparent—not merely the generosity which sends £10 to Haydon or £50 to Gillies, but a generosity of judgment, a willingness to be pleased by new acquaintances or new books. His evenness of temper, which only illness seems to have ruffled, is remarkable. He is pestered by coxcombs and eccentrics; his precious time is picked away by bores and foreigners and friends of friends. Scott does not claim the privilege of withdrawing himself, but does the honours of the house till they are gone, and settles again to his work.

This is so, but perhaps Mr Ander[illegible]n has missed something. Saints [illegible]nd either to bore us or make us [illegible]sturbingly aware of our own im[illegible]rfections and, either way, make [illegible] feel remote from them. Scott, [illegible]wever, is not boring, disturbing [illegible] remote. Not only do we feel, as [illegible]ott felt of Swift's *Journal to [illegible]lla*, that the tone of the *Journal* [illegible] unconstrained as conversa[illegible]n the most intimate and familiar, [illegible]arly as much so, indeed, as [illegible]ught itself", but we feel intimate [illegible]th Scott; we feel we belong in his [illegible]vate world, and that, perhaps, [illegible] are even a necessary part of it. [illegible]ove all we sense a quiet, persistent [illegible]chological tension in the *Journal*; [illegible] gentleness and generosity, the [illegible]plicity of manner and the sense [illegible] honour we have learnt to admire [illegible]m to be the product not simply [illegible]an internal struggle fought and [illegible]n in the past but of a continuing [illegible]ort on Scott's part to be both [illegible]pectable and respected (Adam [illegible]ith's phrase), and we realize that [illegible]ott had a quiet, respectful, even [illegible]casionally apprehensive aware[illegible]ss of those inner springs of his [illegible]rsonality that could challenge and [illegible]times threaten his sense of identi[illegible]ty.

Scott's self-awareness is one of [illegible] most striking and neglected [illegible]aracteristics. It is to be found, for [illegible]ample, in the self-exploratory [illegible]fs of works like *Marmion* and [illegible]verley, in his autobiographical [illegible]ing, in the Ashestiel Memoir of 1808 where he traces the story of his childhood and adolescence, and in the autobiographical excursions he made at the end of his life in the introductions to the volumes of the Magnum Opus edition of his works. Certainly, if his autobiographical writing is read quickly it will appear simply as a series of loosely linked recollections.

But there is more to it than that. The episodes Scott recalls do form a pattern, yet it is a pattern structured by the preconscious rather than the conscious mind. The experiences he recalls deal with two closely linked themes; his relations with those around him and his relations with his art, and in writing of them he writes of experiences which he believed, quite plausibly, had made him function as he did as a writer and as a social creature. He shows that he is continually aware that in leading the life of a writer and storyteller he is trying to satisfy deep psychological needs and he often shows a disturbing awareness of what those needs were. What we have in the *Journal*, then, is the self-portrait of a great writer of great self-knowledge.

Up to now it has been difficult to make proper biographical use of the *Journal*. We have not had the necessary editorial apparatus to be able to take advantage of the patchy but usable texts that have been available since 1890. In his later years Scott's life was so complex and varied, and his prose, continually sliding in and out of quotation and half-quotation, so allusive, that editorial assistance is vital. This is Mr Anderson's great service to Scott scholarship. He gives useful appendixes, maps, and an excellent index. The notes are well arranged and intelligently written. The cross-references to Scott's correspondence and to contemporary literature are always illuminating.

Unfortunately, though, the text will not do. It was a good idea to try to provide exactly what Scott wrote—with the misspellings, repetitions, and "the hideous paralytick custom of *stuttering*" which characterizes Scott's late style. But the text is riddled with inaccuracies. For example, between pages 312 and 322 there are seventeen errors in transcription and between pages 488 and 498 fifteen, four of which are on page 491. There are even two minor slips in the printed text of the facsimile page. Furthermore, Mr Anderson is too lavish with editorial commas, some of which give spurious clarity to patently ambiguous prose. But for all that, this edition is an important contribution to Scott scholarship. Mr Anderson has brought one of the greatest literary journals to life for the first time, enabling us to think seriously about the self-portrait Scott drew in his last years.

The most striking piece of information Scott gives us about himself is that he was essentially a solitary, though not a lonely man. His epigraph sets the tone:

> As I walked by myself
> I talkd to my self
> And thus my self said to me.

The style is conversational; Scott chats easily and intimately with himself. He reports the daily round, the people he has met, the work he has done; there are anecdotes and moments of reflection. Indeed, just as he tells stories to his public in his novels, so he adopts the pose of storyteller with himself. "I don't care who knows it", he remarks on June 24, 1827,

> I was lazy this morning. But I cheated my laziness capitally as you shall hear. My good friend Sir Watt, said I to my esteemd friend, it is hard you should be obliged to work when you are so disinclined to it. Were I you I would not be quite idle though. . . .

His alter ego, observant, civilized, trusted, sits back listening to Scott's chatter. He is always there and is clearly necessary to Scott; occasionally he appears as a super-ego figure in the rectangular shape of Madam Duty ("All belonging to duty is rectangular") who reproves him for idling. But she is not a very menacing figure. Only great physical pain and depression seriously threaten to disrupt Scott's affable dialogues. "Almost sick with pain", he writes on December 18, 1826. "And it stops everything. I shall tire of my journal if it is to contain nothing but biles and piles and plaisters and unguents." For some reason the prospect of the dissolution of his physical and mental powers is too frightening even to be talked about to his alter ego.

This, then, is the journal of a self-sufficient, solitary old man who nevertheless still needs the active reassurance that only conversation with his alter ego can give him. "Do you love this extreme loneliness?" he asks on March 28, 1826, during a rare break in the procession of visitors.

> I can answer conscientiously, I *do*. The love of Solitude was with me a passion of early youth when in my teens I used to fly from company to indulge visions and airy Castles of my own, the disposal of ideal wealth and the exercize of imaginary power.

This is more than empty posturing and more than a natural reaction to too many visitors. The *Journal* is full of such remarks, and the way Scott writes of the hosts of friends and visitors who fill page after page shows us that he does not feel they belong in his private world. They please him, waste his time, bore or amuse him; but none (not even Lady Scott) belongs in the inner sanctum as the alter ego does. He wrote:

> I have risen from a feast satiated and unless it be one or two persons of very strong intellect or whose spirits and goodhumour amuse me I wish neither to see the high the low nor the middling class of society. This is a feeling without the least tinge of misanthropy which I always consider as a kind of blasphemy of a shocking description.

Outsiders find their way into the private world only when they rudely break into it, disturbing Scott's moral self-assurance. Ego-boosting praise from Chief Baron Shepherd elates him so much that he is forced to hedge his self-evident delight with defensive denials that he thinks much of praise. James Ballantyne provoked powerful and defensive feelings of contempt when Scott learnt that his grief at his wife's death had made him unable to carry on with the ordinary business of life. Scott found his own inability to enter into the grief of others intriguing. "I hope I am not the worse for wanting into the tenderness that I see others possess and which is so amiable", he writes on June 22, 1826. "I think it does not cool my wish to be of use where I can. But the truth is I am better at enduring or aiding than at consoling." Indeed the supreme crisis of his last years was not the death of his own wife but his financial ruin some four months earlier. As the *Journal* shows, the financial crisis was a shock to his sense of identity rather than to his bank balance. The death of Lady Scott (who is not called by her christian name until after her death) is recorded simply as another burden; clearly the experience was not the sort of shattering tragedy it was for James Ballantyne and it is possible that Scott's cruel contempt for him at that time was the result of a sense of guilt induced by his own reaction to a similar event. It was not for nothing that Scott often thought of himself as the Miller of Dee: "I care for nobody no not I and nobody cares for me."

What lay at the heart of Scott's solitary life was that imaginative world of escape and fantasy from which he believed his creative power drew its strength. He wrote on December 27, 1825:

> I have worn a wishing cap the power of which has been to divert present griefs by a touch of the wand of imagination and gild over the future prospect by prospects more fair than can ever be realized. Somewhere it is said that this castle building—this weilding of the aerial trowel—is fatal to exertions in actual life. I cannot tell—I have not found it so. . . . But I have certainly fashiond out much that made the present hour pass pleasantly away and much that has enabled me to contribute to the amusement of the public. Since I was five years old I cannot remember the time when I had not some ideal part to play for my own solitary amusement.

But Scott was not a recluse and, in a curious sense, he needed the society he kept at arm's length. On one level, this shows in the way he talks to his alter ego, always in the idiom of civilized society. On another, it shows in the reasons he gave for refusing to go abroad in 1826 after the financial crash: he feared that away from society he would turn into an eccentric and that this would destroy his imaginative world and himself along with it. Away from the restraining influence of society, he believed, fantasy would degenerate into "secret sensual indulgences and coarser appetites". Moreover, there would be none of the praise and respect which he realized he could not do without. "As I grew from boyhood to manhood", he recalls,

> I saw [that the youthful habit of avoiding visitors] would not do and that to gain a place in men's esteem I must mix and bustle with them. Pride and an excitation of spirits supplied the real pleasure which others seem to feel in society and certainly upon many occasions it was real.

Society was something against which Scott might insulate himself but the integrity of his private world depended on it. Also, if it could provide him with approval and affection, it could provide him with hard cash which could be turned into acres, bricks and mortar and translated into Abbotsford, the *verbum factum*, the private imaginative world made concrete and safe against the fickleness of a public taste that might abandon Scott and, in doing so, allow his private world and himself to decay.

Scott saw this quite clearly in the most important moment of crisis in his adult life, the financial disaster of 1826. Bankruptcy, he saw, threatened to destroy his private world and his art as well as his fortune:

> For myself the magic wand of the Unknown is shiverd in his grasp. He must henceforth be termd the Too well Known. The feast of fancy is over with the feeling of independence. I can no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in my mind, haste to commit them to paper, and count them monthly as the means of planting such groves and purchasing such wastes, replacing my dreams fiction by other prospective visions of walks by
>
> Fountain-heads and pathless groves
> Places which pale passion loves.

It was for this reason that he loved and needed Abbotsford so deeply ("... to save Abbotsford I would attempt all that was possible. My heart clings to the place I have created"). It was for this reason that he resolved to settle his financial problems in a way that would guarantee him possession of Abbotsford as well as secure him the respect of society. It was characteristic that he should have recognized that by doing this he was rejecting "the course I would have advised a client to take", serving the private inner world of the imagination and not the ordinary world of society. In this way he would repair the fractured walls which protected his private world, safe in the knowledge that they would remain intact for as long as his health and his mind could sustain the literary output necessary to secure them. It was hardly surprising that pain and depression were the only things which frightened him enough to disrupt the even flow of his journal.

Where, then, do we, Scott's readers, belong in his journal? Surely, *we* are his alter ego. The language of conversation is the language of a civilized society accustomed to listen to the stories of a great storyteller; it is the language of a society whose approval Scott needed and, indeed, had to have if his private world was to survive. If the greedy and capricious society in which he lived could threaten the sanctity of that world, then posterity, reading the journal that he knew would one day be in their hands, might offer their approval and provide him with a posthumous guarantee that his privacy would remain intact. Scott holds us and moves us in his *Journal* because in the last resort we see that he is vulnerable, and dependent upon us.


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# A dipstick among the pews

**HANS MOL (Editor):**

**Western Religion**

**A Country by Country Sociological Inquiry.**

**642pp. The Hague : Mouton. 72fl.**

The sociology of religion encompasses wide divergencies of style, method, and subject-matter. It participates simultaneously in the sociological preoccupation with precise quantification and in the religious concern to communicate something of a sense of the numinous and ineffable. Any collection of papers about religion in twenty-nine countries of Christendom must inevitably mirror both the diversity of their varied religious traditions, and—perhaps more emphatically—the diversity of style among sociologists. What immediately stands out about this volume, when compared with various other compendia on religion produced by sociologists in recent years, is the remarkable standard of consistency which Hans Mol has elicited from his contributors.

Of course, there are anomalies that need to be explained to those unacquainted with the field. Finland and Holland each command more space than either West Germany or Russia. No doubt it is true that there are more data available about these small countries, relatively, and perhaps absolutely—and perhaps also the respective authors are more intensely involved specifically in the field of socio-religious research. Some countries have a long record of concern with the issues, but not always for academically respectable reasons. What has been done in Russia by institutes of atheism in the past has been even more suspect among academic sociologists than the enthusiastic "sociologie religieuse" of French and Belgian priests who sought to make this discipline an extension to pastoral theology. As broad theoretical questions have impressed themselves on the field (and the sociology of religion inherits much the largest share of the mantle of that rather exhausted subject, "sociological theory") so the need for absolutely objective data has tended to bring into discredit both the Marxist atheists out to "prove" their dogmas, and theologians bent on bolstering their congregations.

Professor Mol is alert to the theoretical issues which give the sociology of religion its intellectual appeal, and they are raised by a number of contributors. But even a useful study of this kind is a long way from providing the basis for the type of cross-societal comparative studies which economists (and in some measure sociologists) have developed in fields where quantification means more, and where subtlety, personal choice, and complex cultural tradition are less important.

Despite the incidental illumination of some of the broader generalizations of, for instance, the secularization thesis, this book must stand primarily as a source book of reasonably up-to-date information on religious behaviour and attitudes. In that respect it is, if less scholarly, at once more relevant to the modern world, than the *Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church*, and although its information will not "last" as long, it is currently more useful and deserves a place beside it.

Allowing for national differences, a few generalizations emerge from these studies. None of them is new, but they are now underwritten by census data, attitude tests, and local social surveys. In most countries church attendance is greater in rural areas (although there are a few significant exceptions, and some highly anti-clerical rural regions, particularly in Catholic countries—southern Portugal is an outstanding example). Church membership remains much higher than church attendance—the most extraordinary relationship is in Scandinavian countries, where between 92 and 96 per cent of the population are members of the state church, and pay church taxes, while weekly attendance is between 1.7 and 5 per cent of the population. In the United States the comparable figures for *all* churches are about 60 per cent of population in membership and 40 per cent of population in attendance each Sunday. The usually accepted sociological generalization that secularization accompanies social differentiation, and thus is likely to be highest in industrial countries, must of course come to terms with these very different indices of religious commitment.

Britain receives two entries: David Martin writes on England and John Highet on Scotland. (Wales, curiously goes unmentioned, while—worse insult—Northern Ireland is included with Eire as "Ireland".) Each author prefers to write about his country without the reproduction of the elaborate tables (often, it must be admitted, of very partial, at times even dubious information) which illustrate the pages devoted to most other countries (Finland has seventeen, Sweden fourteen, Yugoslavia and Australia each eleven). Yet the strictly factual information is impressive in each case, and neither author forgoes interpretative comment. Professor Martin in particular has the capacity to raise important theoretical issues in a bri[…] turned phrase.

This large, closely-print[…] covers the whole of Europe [… …]nia and Albania alone a[…] among the genuinely […] states); the United States; C[…] Australia; New Zealand; and […] Africa. The article for each [coun]try is written by one of [its] nationals except Russia (th[…] for which is written by W[…] Fletcher) and Australia a[nd New] Zealand, both of which are […] by Professor Mol. To have c[…] in one volume even only the […] of official censuses—from […] nations enlightened enough to […] this type of basic social da[ta …] the greatest value to those c[…] to understand what is happ[ening …] man's attitudes to the Chur[ch …] perhaps to God. But this boo[k …] much more than that. The […] using this work as a referen[ce …] may well not find precisely […] he is looking for, but if th[…] it is likely to be because th[…] have simply not been discove[red …] one is likely to take survey r[…] results as more than occ[asional] soundings with a dip-stick, b[…] out such soundings—the re[sults …] which are here put sensibly in[…] historical context—what, w[…] pressions, could we claim to b[…] contemporary society at all?

# Moulders of minds

**[VI]CTOR E. NEUBURG :**

**[Po]pular Education in Eighteenth [Ce]ntury England**

**[…]0pp. Woburn Press. £2.75.**

**[…]M. GOLDSTROM :**

**[Th]e Social Content of Education [1]808-1870**

**[…]6pp. Shannon: Irish University [Pr]ess. £3.50.**

[Bo]th these books have a somewhat [ol]d-fashioned air, partly because a [go]od deal of time has elapsed since [th]ey began life as academic theses, [an]d partly because neither follows [th]e prevailing fashion of quantify[in]g. But both break new ground by [ex]amining the literature available [fo]r mass consumption as a means to [as]sessing the nature and effect of [m]ass education.

Victor Neuburg, ranging over [va]rious aspects of popular educa[tio]n in the eighteenth century, [dir]ects attention to the circulation of [che]ap popular sheets which presup[po]sed literacy and deplores the easy [ass]umption that this can be mea[su]red merely by counting up signa[tu]res in marriage registers. Schools [fo]r the poor set out to teach reading, [wi]th materials and methods to hand, [bu]t often they were not equipped to [te]ach writing. Social influences and [ne]eds stimulated the desire to read [m]uch more than the desire to write, [an]d not only commercial publishers [bu]t those concerned to improve the [m]orals of the poor took a consider[ab]le readership for granted. How[ev]er, this is less a disciplined dis[cu]ssion, taking proper account of [th]e seventeenth-century background [an]d subsequent social and educa[tio]nal developments, than a review [of] materials bearing on the subject. [A] chapter and bibliographical note [on] chapbooks and their publishers [in]dicate the main centre of interest [ar]ound which the rest seems to have [be]en assembled.

[J.] M. Goldstrom sets out to analyse [a] specific form of literature, the ["r]eaders" prepared and prescribed [for] the children of the working class [in] nineteenth-century schools spon[so]red by the churches. In so doing [he] eschews "content analysis", [wh]ich even sociologists have found [un]productive, in favour of "non-[fre]quency analysis", an up-to-date [lab]el for the normal form of histori[ca]l inquiry. Successive school readers are accordingly analysed in the terms in which, as a pilot survey indicated, they were compiled; that is, to instruct in religion, the need to preserve law and order, respect for property and the prevailing social structure, practical skills useful to the future worker, and conduct befitting their station.

Three phases are distinguished in the development of readers and the evidence discussed under the given headings. The first was "religious", to the virtual exclusion of all else, with some difference between Anglican emphasis on ritual and repetition and the Nonconformist acceptance of the Bible as a guide to conduct in this world.

Meanwhile, in Ireland, early state intervention was extending to the commissioning and subsidizing of schoolbooks which, bound to keep off dangerous doctrinal ground, fell back on secular subject matter, up to and including the laws of "political economy" as an apt education for citizenship for the future wage earner in capitalist society. From here cheap sets of readers flooded into starved English schools, on which subsequent compilers of texts also battened.

However, it was Chartism which stimulated the sectarian societies to a fresh effort to control the minds of the English working class, fear of social disorder overriding former fears of over-educating them. Even the Anglican interest—hitherto content to propagate the eighteenth-century churchmanship and social outlook of the SPCK which was its book supplier—was stimulated to consider revising readers, though to no great effect. The resulting books, interestingly enough, were more or less indistinguishable—even with Roman Catholics now on the scene—in so far as all were united in a belief that the purpose of popular instruction is social control; and, it might be added, equally at one in ignorance of the first principles of educating children.

This phase Dr Goldstrom dubs "secular"—confusingly since religion still permeated the scene, if in other company. "Economy phase" seems no less of a misnomer for the 1860s when the significant departure was state intervention in the form of the "revised code" and attendant controls which laid the emphasis on literacy as against indoctrination. These undermined the hegemony of the churches which had aspired to occupy the commanding heights of educational influence by controlling the training of teachers as well as the content of textbooks. For teachers were now compelled to concentrate on teaching children to read well enough to pass an inspection and the most efficacious readers for the purpose came to prevail.

Here, at last, was an opportunity for private enterprise in publishing, hitherto shouldered out of a remunerative field by the SPCK and the state-subsidized books of the Irish commissioners for education. Longman and Murray led the fight to avert any danger of the Committee in Council sponsoring "revised code" readers, urging "the sound principle of private competition". Soon publishers were vying to produce ever simpler and more salable sets, compiled by practising educationists with some understanding of the capabilities and tastes of young children. So commercial interest, hand in hand with state intervention, helped to oust "political economy" from the classroom in favour of fairy stories of another kind.

In effect, this study has more to do with the minds and actions of those who sought to mould the minds of children than with assessing the effect on the latter of the material projected at them; or presenting a clear picture of what this amounted to from a worm's-eye point of view, given monitorial teaching and the short period spent in school. In other words, rather than dealing with "the social content of education", the study is primarily concerned with the politics and economics of educational provision as evidenced in the production and circulation of schoolbooks.

It may be all that he has been through in compiling it that leads Dr Goldstrom, in his concluding chapter, to sermonize about the morality of motives and policies, the dictation of economic realities, the extent of achievement, in a way for which the text he has given out hardly provides an adequate base. Consequently there is no clear review of findings, nor indication whether or how they modify the established picture of nineteenth-century developments, and interesting points are left in the air. But, if the framework of this book is inadequate in some respects, it includes fresh information of which account should be taken and opens up a fruitful field for further investigation.

# Less Lecky

**W. E. H. LECKY :**

**A History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century**

**Edited by L. P. Curtis, Jr.**

**513pp. University of Chicago Press. £6.75 (paperback, £1.35).**

**W. A. MAGUIRE :**

**The Downshire Estates in Ireland 1801-1845**

**284pp. Clarendon Press : Oxford University Press. £6.**

Nowadays, it is the exceptional student who casts more than the most cursory eye over the vast canvases of the nineteenth-century historians. Partly to encourage more than the exceptional student to do this, and still more to reveal the genuine ore hidden among much that is meretricious, the Chicago University Press is now producing, under the general editorship of John Clive, the series "Classics of British Historical Literature".

The present volume consists of an ingenious and intelligent adaptation of W. E. H. Lecky's massive *History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*. By cutting most severely the sections dealing with military campaigns, foreign affairs and English politics, and by drastically curtailing the long-windedness of eighteenth-century orators, the editor, Professor L. P. Curtis, has been able to direct attention to those parts of Lecky's work which are of most enduring importance—the chapters which deal with the Protestant Ascendancy, with what might be called the age of Burke and Grattan, and, above all, with the 1798 rising and the making of the Union with Britain. In his lively and penetrating introduction Professor Curtis places Lecky firmly in his nineteenth-century context, notes his profound intellectual influence upon nationalists as well as unionists, and compares him, not at all to his disadvantage, with the great Halévy.

The modern historian, though he must always be impressed by Lecky's range and weight of detail, can scarcely help noticing how relatively weak he is on economic and social analysis. This is mainly because the kind of material on which such analysis—at least as regards the countryside—must be based was scarce in his day. Even now it remains hard to come by, which is one reason why W. A. Maguire's *The Downshire Estates in Ireland, 1801-1845* is especially to be welcomed. There are, however, other reasons. Not only were these estates vast in extent, they extended to the south as well as to the north of Ireland, thus affording valuable and rare comparisons and contrasts. Moreover, the estate papers themselves are exceptionally well preserved, and this enables Dr Maguire to explore in satisfying depth his central themes—the way in which the estates were managed, the role of the agent, the relationship between landlord and tenant and the whole vexed question of the uneasy balance between income and expenditure.

But the best reason for welcoming this book is that it is quite simply a superb example of its genre. Scholarly, immensely thorough and admirably presented, it represents a contribution to Irish nineteenth-century studies of outstanding excellence, and all historians of modern Ireland will do well to take Dr Maguire's most profound conclusion as the starting-point for some thorough-going revisions:

> It is of course true that the Famine caused, or at least brought to a head, a financial crisis for many landlords, but the years 1815-20 rather than 1845-50 mark the real watershed between the land situation as it was in the eighteenth century and the crisis of the late nineteenth century.

# Ecodoom in Eden

**GAVIN REID :**

**The Elaborate Funeral**

**191pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £1.95.**

Who killed *Homo sapiens*? Can it be that he was his own executioner? Prophets of doom are certainly not lacking to pronounce sentence of death on the human species. They point to catastrophe beyond the arms-race, to ecological death through pollution and misuse of natural resources—Paul Ehrlich predicts that the oceans will have died within seven years—to the inexorable Malthusian consequences of over-crowding and over-population. Are they right? Yes, says Gavin Reid:

> But there is a difference between the standpoint of the secular doom-prophets and that which I must take as a Christian. If my standpoint is correct, then mankind's elaborate funeral is not something in the future, it is already taking place.

There the author gives us the clue to what might not unfairly be described as a kind of theological whodunit. It is an elaborate funeral indeed in which the corpse turns out to be the gravedigger.

This vigorous book is a brave adventure in Christian apologetic. Mr Reid is a conservative evangelical and is religious books editor of the Lutterworth Press. But he does not live in a self-enclosed religious world. He has extremely sensitive antennae, and is keenly aware of what is going on in the social and cultural revolution. He is widely read in the trendy leftist literature and can find his way in the corridors of showbiz; he knows, for example, how pops are made into tops. What he has to say about the social scene is lively, well-informed and thoroughly readable, and he makes percipient, non-conventional comments.

His best chapter is that on the media whose appeal is pitched, and must be, below the rational, and on the effect of this "semi-tranced condition" on the popular attitude to life in general. He exposes the "new hypocrisy" of the sex-racket with its claim to be liberating and educational, and the vast financial empires behind it. If public taste moved in the other direction, the films would all go puritan overnight. (The universal worship of Mammon is surely a far more deeply corrupting influence than the minority cult of Aphrodite.)

He shows up the intolerance of the New Left, demanding freedom but only for itself and prepared to liquidate all who disagree with it. So point by point Mr Reid surveys the human scene and finds little enough to encourage him. We take man to be the measure of all things but we do not know what it is to be man in responsible relation to God, and therefore external forces take control.

What, then, has Christianity to say about it? Oddly enough, it is in the closing chapter (which the author calls "The truth about the corpse") that some Christian readers may find the book least satisfying. Here, inevitably, we get the Fall and the plan of Salvation, in the traditional form. "What happened in Eden was the death of the species, all that we have been seeing since is the twitching of the corpse." There follows a presentation of the Gospel and the promise of new life in the Spirit. This is the radical Christian diagnosis. But, as stated, is it not far too simplistic? Has not the metaphor rather run away with the author?

Of course it is true that all human groups tend to be bedevilled with the will to power—this is the meaning of Original Sin. Christians cannot believe in human perfectibility. Of course there is something wrong with man himself. But not all our troubles are due just to sin, nor all our present confusions to unfaith. Very good and devout Christian men can make disastrous political mistakes through failure to understand what is happening, not simply because they are children of fallen Adam; and religion by itself cannot give us that. Much fuller analysis seems to be needed here of what is good in the world and what is evil in it, what is of God and what is of the devil. Ought there not to be clearer recognition of God's grace at work in secular history? Many of our problems are due to the greatness of past secular achievement, and indeed to the moral achievements of Christianity. (The population explosion is one instance.) We also need a sharper distinction between social structure and personal behaviour.

The Church, Mr Reid insists, must share, and so far as may be, take the lead in social regeneration. But it is not, he thinks, very likely to succeed. But success or failure is immaterial here. Whatever happens, the final end is certain:

> The truth he [the Christian] believes is, in spite of his informed pessimism, that the world will not end with a bang or a whimper. It will end with the triumphant sound of a trumpet

—is this meant to be taken *literatim*?—"and then all heaven will be let loose". But after the End, how can anything else happen?

All the same, this is a courageous effort.

# The post-Kantian

**KARL BARTH :**

**Protestant Theology in the Nineteenth Century**

**669pp. SCM Press. £5.50.**

Karl Barth disliked the truncated version of this book which appeared in 1959. His refusal to write a foreword then is printed in the present complete edition. He refers with typical forthrightness to the fragmentary nature of the whole work. This defect stems, of course, from the political situation in the 1930s. Notwithstanding Hitler, however, Barth published the torso to underpin, if only for himself, the greater work which was yet to come. The famous *Church Dogmatics* rests upon the sure foundation of a deep penetration of nineteenth-century theology, and this in turn is not to be divorced from the thought of the Enlightenment. Barth confounds those critics who hardly read him and shelve his theology as dusty neo-Calvinism. His affectionate understanding for Schleiermacher and even Feuerbach authenticates his break with liberal Protestantism.

Needless to say, *Protestant Theology in the Nineteenth Century* is dated. One will hardly turn to it in order to study the present state of play in the history of philosophy. Research on, say, Kant or Hegel has not stood still. Some of Barth's generalizations are unacceptable (e g, the "absolutism" of the eighteenth century). Perhaps it is as well that Kierkegaard and Marx never found their way into these pages and that the projected section on Goethe remained unwritten. The real interest of the book lies in Barth's interpretation of, and reaction to, the great European tradition. The reader looks into a fascinating mirror whose reflection shows the prism of theological philosophy in an unfamiliar light.

The giants of the period overshadow the pale and honourable theologians who did not even succeed in keeping abreast with their own times, let alone lead Church or state. Barth seems to be amused by these innocents who opted for a middle zone, where, with luck, reason and revelation could coexist. They flirted with rationalism in the hope of keeping the demonic side of human nature at bay. When men of the calibre of Rousseau arose, the old pietistic dimensions no longer availed. Barth enjoys the exposition of the radical critique of a man "inspired by a touch of the hem of the mantle of the prophet Amos". But Rousseau's polemic extends beyond his own time; it was still appropriate in 1930. Barth argues that there could be no compromise with, or retreat before, the forces of rational and revolutionary ideologies.

This confrontation comes to a head with Barth's analysis of […] As he sees it, Kant, when take[n seri]ously, reduces religion to the […] of phenomena, to a capacity […] can be measured in accordance […] its empirical content. Kant as[…] "peace terms" upon theolog[y …] we, asks Barth, allow pure […] and practical reason to form[…] concepts by which we interp[ret reli]gion? Or is Christian theolog[y in a] stronger position, if, for so[…] God has indeed spoken in the […] This whole chapter deserves […] attention in the light of prese[nt con]troversies about the re[…] claims of "objective" studie[s of reli]gion and "committed" C[hristian] theology. In Kant, the man [of the] Enlightenment had already "[…] age". Barth glories in this a[…]ing from "dogmatic slumbe[rs" …] only to show where it has le[d …]

Schleiermacher, however, […] the key to the problem, and […] these fifty pages alone that th[…] will remain a standard work […] the now forgotten quarrels be[tween] Barth and Brunner, which […] nothing to the modern reade[r …] a certain piquancy to the […] Beyond doubt, claims Barth, Sc[hleier]macher really did do justice […] best men of his age. Bar[th …] regards him as *our* man of […] This professor and preacher […] ceaselessly against his own cu[…] a Christocentric theologian […] a real Christology, a devo[ut com]municant who exchanges w[ine …] water on his death-bed. How[ever …] enjoys to dig into this earnes[t …] legacy to a cultural religio[n …] refutes the notion that her[e …] mystic who brought some fo[…] piety to his social concerns.

Barth's own dialectic stem[s …] an understanding and overco[ming of] the advancing synthesis of […] and awareness-in-dependence […] is no better way into the […] anthropocentric theology tha[n …] the Schleiermacher-Barth a[…] former destroying, and the […] upholding the classical doct[rine of] God and man. If at present the […] seems to swing in favour of t[he for]mer, this book will show t[hat …] battle does not determine the […] come of a war. The B[arthian] strategy can now be seen in its […] superior sophistication.

The two latest additions to […] and Spottiswoode's edition o[f the] *Summa Theologiae* of St Th[omas] Aquinas are Volume 35, […] *quences of Charity*, edited and [trans]lated by Thomas R. Heath (1[…] £2.75), and Volume 52, *The* […] *hood of Christ*, edited and tra[nslated] by Roland Potter (176pp. £2[…]). [The] Latin and English texts are p[rinted] on facing pages.

# Gregorian gleanings

**The Epistolae Vagantes of Pope Gregory VII**

**Edited and translated by H. E. J. Cowdrey**

**175pp. Clarendon Press : Oxford University Press. £5.**

Gregory VII, who said of himself, in a bitter parody of the psalm, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile", was one of the greatest as well as one of the most intransigent of medieval popes. In his determination to reform the Church he gave a new direction to papal policy, trying to break the power of the lay advocate, and to bring under the control of the Roman see the entire field of canon law and ecclesiastical administration. In order to achieve this end he issued, between 1073 and 1085, a mass of correspondence, all the more remarkable in that the papal chancery had not yet reached its full development, and that most of the letters bear the stamp of the Pope's own strong individual personality.

Gregory's *Register*, and his *Privilegia* have already been published in good modern editions by E. Caspar and L. Santifaller respectively. The present volume contains the gleanings of this harvest, collected from the various manuscripts to which they were consigned by their recipients. Very remarkable gleanings they are, giving a cross-section of Gregory's activities in every field of ecclesiastical affairs, from a letter of justification (addressed "to all the faithful in Germany") of his excommunication of the Emperor Henry IV to a dispensation for certain priests who, through an innocent mistake, had been wrongfully ordained.

The present edition is a good one, with a list and critical study of the manuscripts and a valuable bibliography of printed sources. It contains the Latin text, together with an English translation, of all the main letters, and in addition two appendixes including fragments which may not be strictly Gregorian but which have some bearing upon the study of his pontificate.

# Booming Banbury

**[Th]e Victoria History of the Counties [of] England**

**[A] History of the County of Oxford [Vo]lume X**

**[Ed]ited by Alan Crossley**

**[…]pp. Oxford University Press for [the] Institute of Historical Research.**

[In] the stately, measured progress [th]rough this century of the Victoria [Co]unty Histories, three years is a [ve]ry brief period. That the latest [Ox]fordshire volume follows the pre[vio]us one after so short an inter[val] argues some quickening of the [pa]ce. Nevertheless the contributing [hi]storians, working within the long-[es]tablished framework, have com[ple]ted their task with the care and [th]oroughness expected of the VCH. [Th]e volume covers the northerly [ma]rches where the county marches [wi]th Warwickshire and Northamp[ton]shire, centring on the fast-grow[ing] town of Banbury.

[B]anbury indeed has emerged [fro]m the nineteenth-century dol[dr]ums to develop into an important [ce]ntre of industry, and inevitably it [do]minates the volume. Aluminium [m]anufacturers have taken the place [of] the cloth weavers who followed [th]eir craft there during 600 years. [I]n the past forty years the popula[ti]on has doubled. The old links with [th]e surrounding countryside are [we]akened though not broken and, [as] the writers sum it up, the small [se]lfconscious market town has been [su]bmerged. To those engaged in a [his]torical work which has always [pa]id particular attention to the [ol]der domestic buildings, Banbury must surely have been a little disheartening. Quite apart from the loss of its ancient church and historic Cross, destroyed in a time of less reverence for such antiquities, the town is deficient in relics of its past. Where the smaller Oxfordshire town of Burford still cherishes twenty-six medieval buildings, Banbury has virtually none. What it once had may have been poor in quality, as is here suggested in wry consolation. Anyway, they are gone.

The heritage in literature and folklore is less vulnerable. It traces back to the Middle Ages with a reference in *Piers Plowman*, and onward to Swift, who by tradition discovered the name of Gulliver on a Banbury tombstone. The familiar rhyme ensures the town's place in nursery lore; in its present form it is here traced back to the eighteenth century, though versions were known much earlier. (The late Lord Saye and Sele contended, perhaps with his tongue in his cheek, that the "fine lady" of the rhyme was originally a Fiennes lady, in allusion to his family name.) Drunken Barnaby's gibe at Banbury Puritans needs no quotation either. The town was then a hotbed of Puritanism, the term "a Banbury man" synonymous with a Puritan. Virtuous, perhaps, but certainly not averse to cakes and ale. Banbury cakes, Banbury ale, and Banbury cheeses gave the place more than a local fame, and gifts of the last were presented to ministers of state and other celebrities: Thomas Cromwell, Sir Joseph Williamson and Horace Walpole among them. As for the second, it appears that the town enjoyed in the seventeenth century at least seventeen inns, and over a long period had more innkeepers than people of any other calling. Thus the puritan virtues as practised in Banbury would not seem to have included any rigorous self-denial.

In the byways of the local literature there occurs, too, the early weather book published in 1744 under the title *The Shepherd of Banbury's Rules*, attributed to a Scotsman, John Campbell. Since the Banbury shepherd is identified on the title-page as one John Claridge it is not altogether clear why the authors appear to doubt his existence and find "no explanation for the town's appearance in the title".

It would be difficult to fault a volume grounded on so much erudition and research, though on minor points it may be mentioned that the North Oxfordshire Archaeological Society was founded not in 1858 but five years earlier; and the royal visitor in 1470 would of course have been the fourth and not the sixth Edward.

The rather haphazard geographical divisions of earlier times, as they now appear, account for the inclusion here of Charlbury which, twenty-odd miles distant on the fringe of the Cotswolds, nevertheless forms an outlying part of the Banbury Hundred. That pleasant small town, formerly engaged in glove-making but never much industrialized, cannot vie with Banbury in historical interest but has retained much more of its rural character as well as of its older houses. The same is true of the villages of Cropredy (of Civil War fame) and Swalcliffe (with its great Romano-British settlement of Madmarston) where, returning to Oxfordshire's northern borders, the volume concludes.


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# Rising book output

## FROM A CORRESPONDENT

To judge from the latest figures, book publishing output in Britain has reached a not unwelcome plateau. After the postwar recovery period under paper rationing conditions, came a time of slowly rising production in the 1950s. The end of the decade showed an increase of no more than 5,000 titles on its opening; and new books made the running, while new editions and reprints remained almost static. The 1960s, perhaps under the influence of publishing mergers, American infiltration of the British market, and the general internationalization of book publishing, was a much more hectic period for publishers' production departments, and annual output increased over the decade by 10,000 titles a year, passing the 30,000 mark for the first time in 1968. In that decade reprints and new editions accounted for about half the rise. So far the 1970s seems to be a period of consolidation. After a drop in 1971—the first for a dozen years—of nearly 1,000 titles, 1972 has shown a rise of 602. The total, as calculated by Whitaker's and published in this week's *Bookseller*, was 33,140, of which new editions represented 8,426.

As always, the figures need some elucidation. Just as the drop in 1971 concealed an actual small increase in the number of new books issued, so last year's modest advance covered a more substantial rise in new works issued, and a continued drop in reprints. The number of new books published rose by 1,091 to 24,654, and new editions fell by 489. Today the latter represent only a quarter of annual output by title, whereas before the last war, even in the pre-paperback era, they accounted for a third. It remains to be seen whether the growing costs and sales problems of keeping books in print will be reflected in the next few years in a further decrease of reprints; if so this will be regretted, not least by librarians.

In assessing the figures it must also be noted that until last autumn it looked as if the previous year's decline in output would be maintained; at the end of August the total was more than 1,000 down. However this trend was sharply reversed in September, after which the 1972 figures continued to go ahead.

Not too much should be read into these minor swings, either monthly or even yearly. For the figures collected on the Whitaker computer represent not just the output of the 300 or so professional book publishers responsible for the general run of works originated or imported here and normally available through book trade or educational channels, but also more than 1,000 firms or organizations who put out a book or two a year, probably mostly as a feature of their professional preoccupations. For example, in the latest available break-down of book issues by publisher, for the first half of last year, 1,673 concerns were included; and, taking a page at random, a single new book apiece was issued by the Gloucester Community Council, Goznak of Moscow and the Guild of Hospital Pharmacists, while the *Glasgow Herald*, the Graphis Press of Zürich and the Gulbenkian Foundation each published one reprint. The price of these works ranged from £9 to 30p. Yet even these recent marginal contributors to the "book mountain" form only the tip of the cloth or paper-covered iceberg, for Whitaker's *British Books in Print* records items from no fewer than 8,000 concerns, who between them are responsible for the still rising total of 260,000 titles available.

Moreover, before considering some of the figures in detail, it must be noted that the totals may be affected by the fluctuating number of titles produced abroad and introduced by American university presses and technical or educational publishers for sale in this country, perhaps in very small quantities. Another factor these days is the development of the facsimile-reprint business, which varies from year to year.

In the light of these factors, the 1972 totals of some 33,000 new books and new editions may not look so formidable; and examination of the output by category confirms this. For instance, the number of new novels last year dropped by 104 to 2,030, and though the reprints rose slightly to 1,655, fiction today occupies a much smaller proportion of the list than it did before the war, and even ten years ago. Thirty-five years ago 2,052 new novels were issued out of a total book output roughly half the present level; and ten years ago the number was 2,252 from a combined figure only three-quarters of the 1972 total.

The biggest drop last year was in School Textbooks, which fell by 260 to 1,780, with new editions accounting for more than 100 of the fall: but this did follow a big jump in reprints the previous year. In the mid-1960s this was a rapidly expanding category, but recent figures may reflect the low per capita expenditure level on school books, thus discouraging new works, and/or the expansion of visual education aids.

On the other hand, Children's Books, which for some years have been suffering from tightened public and school library budgets, showed a jump last year of 168 new titles—the second biggest rise of the year—to a total of 1,721; but, with reprints almost stationary at 457, the overall figure is still about 100 short on the record of as long ago as 1963.

Nevertheless these three categories probably reflect more than most the actual annual level of British book production, since in nearly all cases the books are likely to have been produced or at least designed here, rather than imported.

On the other hand the most booming category of all, Political Science, which showed the year's biggest jump of 276 titles, to a total of 2,817, certainly consists partly of books first published in the United States, and to a lesser extent elsewhere. Over the years it is a category which has risen more sharply than any other; eight years ago it totalled only 1,500; today it is exceeded only by Fiction.

Another type of work that includes many American books is Law and Administration which, on the contrary, showed the second biggest decrease of all last year—a fall of 136 to 890—but this was entirely accounted for by a drop in new editions.

On the other hand, three categories that certainly include a good proportion of imported works showed continuing growth. These were Natural Sciences 1,125 (plus 143), History 1,453 (plus 117) and Engineering 1,215 (plus 83).

Among other increases, in principle encouraging, were Biography, long in the doldrums but breaking the 1,000 mark for the first time with a 52-title increase, and [...] exceeding the 1,000-level [...] time, at 1,051 (plus 84). [...] 117 in Poetry to 841 [...] almost equal drop last year [...] fairly level after a sustain[...] the 1960s.

Another type of work [...] a drop in new editions [...] which registered the third [...] decline of the year; the [...] 1,009 total (down 123) was [...] for almost entirely by few[...] although this has been a de[...] category for some time.

One of the book-output [...] badly needed here is that [...] paperbacks. It might be [...] that the overall total of [...] cludes about 5,000 titles [...] issued in paperbacks, but [...] guesswork. Unfortunately [...] possible yet to separate Brit[...] back from paperback prod[...] is done in the United States [...] seems likely to be growing [...] forthcoming edition of [...] *in Print* will show 38,000 [...] print, an increase of 3,000 on [...] vious year.

A question often asked [...] tion of British book [...] American. Direct compari[son] difficult, because while the [...] can figures include no Gov[...] publications, the British [...] about a carefully selected [...] they count items, such as [...] phlets, that would be exclu[ded] However, on the basis of the [...] can totals for the first half [...] which like our own at the [...] showed a drop of 1,000 on [...] figures, their book-title pr[...] is about 36,000 works a year, [...] 10 per cent more than ours [...] course there is considerable [...] lap in both totals, since [...] lishers of both countries [...] other's biggest customers for [...] originating on the other side [...] Atlantic.

# Heyday of the aquatint

**Scenery of Great Britain in Aquatint and Lithography, 1770-1860**

From the Library of J. R. Abbey. A Bibliographical Catalogue

399pp.

**Life in England in Aquatint and Lithography, 1770-1860**

427pp.

**Travel in Aquatint and Lithography, 1770-1860**

Volume I: 299pp. Volume II: pp. 301-675.

Dawsons of Pall Mall. £40 per volume, £120 the set.

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Twenty years ago, in the preface to the first volume of this majestic bibliographical catalogue, Major Abbey wrote that "it is doubtful if books on English scenery are sufficiently valued at the moment". He spoke from the experience of a quarter of a century's concentration on "a field in which there seem to have been few serious collectors", and even with the active assistance of two experienced antiquarian booksellers, the late Thomas Stephenson (the spelling of whose name might have been corrected in this reprint) and the late George Bates, his problem was to find fine copies of many of the then unregarded books for his omnivorous purpose rather than to have to worry about the bills.

How different the picture is today would be readily apparent from a glance through the past decade's volumes of *Book Auction Records* or the category "colour plate books" in any one of a score of antiquarian booksellers' catalogues. And it is not so much that Ackermann's *Cambridge* or *The Microcosm of London* (to Abbey's eye architecture was a vital component of scenery) costs nowadays five or ten times what it did when Abbey was buying, though he would have relished the upward spiral and was known in the trade as a man who liked to bargain. It is rather that the whole trend of bibliophily in this broad field has been powerfully influenced by the catalogues of his great collection.

There have been, no doubt, other factors. Public appreciation of the architecture, the scenery, the landscape gardening, the city planning of the late eighteenth century, the Regency and the early years of the reign of Victoria—Abbey's period—has sharply increased. We recognize today that the great age of the coloured aquatint in England coincided not merely with a book-buying public ready to pay the fairly stiff prices of its published products but also, and more importantly, with a world which had never been so beautiful and will never be so beautiful again. It seems extraordinary, in retrospect, that Abbey should have been virtually the first private collector to tackle so physically attractive a subject on a really massive scale; yet so it was. In consequence the reference to "Abbey, *Scenery* no. 542" (the entire series runs to 1,917 entries) has become a commonplace in the catalogues of the auctioneers and the antiquarian booksellers, while the rarer note "Not in Abbey" is apt to precede a stiffer rather than a lower price for any volume that legitimately qualifies.

Our reviewer of Abbey's two final volumes, on travel (June 28, 1957), forecast that the series "will certainly be a standard work in its field for years to come". Events have proved him right; it still is, and shows every sign of remaining so; and since the component volumes have all for some years commanded high prices in the secondhand market, as essential reference books, Dawsons have done a public service in securing the Abbey Trustees' approval for the issue of this well-deserved reprint. Produced by photolithography, it cannot be expected to catch quite the brilliance of the original printing of the colour plates, but it is in all other respects an excellently faithful reproduction of Oliver Simon's noble quartos with their lavish complement of illustrations. One small improvement might usefully have been made in the spine-labels on the binding, which follows the original style: instead of a single star, repeated, it would have been helpful to the shorter-sighted among us to have stamped them *, **, ***, ****.

It was pointed out at the time of their original publication that Abbey's catalogues of his colour plate view books "set a wholly new standard, for amplitude, for thoroughness, for technical precision, in a field of documentation which is still in its infancy", and this was particularly true of the final pair of volumes, which were edited by Michael Oliver. "The editors", our reviewer added, "have not solved all the problems by a long shot. But they have made striking progress; and not the least of their services to bibliography is the identification of the outlines of *terra incognita* for the benefit of their successors."

This is not the place to advert to work in allied areas, such as that of the late Allan Stevenson on the Hunt botanical catalogue; but it is pertinent to recall that with the completion of this handsome and bibliographically significant monument to his own collection Major Abbey entrusted it for sale en bloc to Scribners of New York, who sold it to Paul Mellon, of Upperville, Virginia. Now Mr Mellon already had a magnificent collection of sporting books and prints (including that formed by the Duke of Gloucester), a field that Abbey had deliberately eschewed since it had already been well covered by C. F. G. R. Schwerdt; and it is common knowledge that Mr Mellon has since made steady and substantial additions to the Abbey collection, with spec[ial atten]tion to American view [...] which Abbey for various [...] notably weak. It has be[en from] time to time reported that M[r Mellon] was contemplating a catal[ogue of] these additions, possibly in [...] tion with a catalogue of his [...] material. Those who have [...] value the Abbey catalogues, [...] now, with this reprint, will [...] do so, will surely hope that [...] tially valuable a project ma[y come] to fruition, whether fro[m] Mellon's private headquarte[rs in] Virginia or through the Paul [Mellon] Centre for Studies in British [Art at] Yale University.

# Information, please

*Richard Hughes*, novelist: any personal recollections, letters, records of occasions on which he was present, for a critical biography.

D. P. Thomas.
Department of English, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada.

*Latin American and West Indian libraries and special collections*: contact required with libraries with relevant material (including material on the British West Indies), for a directory.

Bernard Naylor.
Institute of Latin American Studies, University of London, 31 Tavistock Square, London, WC1H 9HA.

*Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart*: opportunity wanted to copy letters in private possession, for an edition of his diaries and journals.

Kenneth Young.
Amberfield House, Chart Sutton, Near Maidstone, Kent.

*Arthur Machen*: works, biographical and critical studies, and anything else of interest.

Christopher Palmer.
15 Dorville Road, London, SE12.

*"Mayfair, The Society Journal"*, pre-First World War periodical: information concerning it and its owners, Baron J. C. Hargreaves and Harry Ke[...] greaves, for a biography [of] Maundy Gregory.

Tom C[...]
13 Rosslyn Hill, London, N[W3]

*Mormonism in nineteenth-[century] England*: whereabouts of [...] letters, sermons, diaries, or [...] manuscript material.

Robert L. Lively
Mansfield College, Oxford, [...] 3TF.

*William Muller*, 1812-1845, p[...] whereabouts of works in p[...] or commercial hands—oils, [...] colours, drawings, letters [...] sketch books, and as much info[rma]tion as possible—also on [...] artists who travelled in the [Near] and Far East, such as W[...] Hudges, Thomas and W[illiam] Daniell, George Chinnery, [...] Lewis, J. B. Pyne, Edward [...] and on Arthur Melville, 185[...] —for a monograph and pr[...] an exhibition.

John Pa[...]
Brook House, Ardingly, Sus[sex]

*Sylvia Plath*: any reminiscence[s,] correspondence, for a critical [bio]graphy.

Edward Butsch[er]
84-01 Main Street, Briarwood, [New] York 11435, USA.

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# [T]he driving force of Renault

[PATR]ICK FRIDENSON:
[Histo]ire des usines Renault
[1.] Naissance de la grande entreprise, 1898-1939.
[...]p. Paris: Seuil. 35fr.

[PIER]RE NAVILLE, JEAN-PIERRE [BAR]DOU, PHILIPPE BRACHET, [CAT]HERINE LEVY:
[L'Ét]at entrepreneur
[...]p. Paris: Anthropos. 37fr.

[Loui]s Renault was one of the great [indu]strialists of the twentieth century, and it is strange that his history [has] never been properly written. He [was] the son of a manufacturer of [butt]ons, who was also a wholesale [...] merchant. Refusing to follow [his] father because, taciturn and [...]y, he felt no talent for com[merc]e, he tried to become an engi[neer]. He failed the entrance examina[tio]n to the Ecole Centrale, but was [take]n on as an apprentice by a manu[factu]rer of steam engines. In 1898, [he s]et up his own firm, Renault [Frère]s, with a capital of less than [...]000, lent to him by his family. [By] 1903 this firm was worth about [...]000. By 1914, he was, with [Peug]eot, the largest car manu[factu]rer in France.

[Th]is was a period when France [led] Europe in the automobile industry. Until 1904, indeed, France pro[duce]d more cars than any other [coun]try in the world; and until 1930 [Fran]ce still produced more cars than [any] other country in Europe. The [prob]lem raised by such a success [stor]y is how to explain the exceptional vigour and efficiency of this [indu]stry in a country which is reputed to have been, in so many other of its industrial activities, backward and sluggish.

Economic historians have for the past twenty years or so written a considerable amount about the causes of the slow growth of the French economy in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. This writing was stimulated by the investigations of certain American historians, who tended to contrast American achievements with those of France. More recently, in the light of the remarkable resurgence of French economic activity, new arguments have been brought forward to suggest that perhaps, after all, France had not been backward. It has been claimed that, in proportion to its population, France expanded almost as rapidly as any other country in Europe; what seemed to hold her back was the slow growth of her population.

The life of Renault interestingly illuminates this question. One reason why there is so much disagreement about the history of France's economic performance is that the sources have been most inadequate. There are very few histories of French firms. The archives of Citroën have not been opened. Those of Renault have been available for some time, thanks to the nationalization of the firm, and they have now been made use of in Patrick Fridenson's valuable and enlightening thesis. The records are far from complete; there are large gaps in them, produced by destruction during the war, but nevertheless they are of quite exceptional richness by French standards. These standards are much lower than those to which English historians are accustomed. It is very rare for full sets of correspondence to be found in the archives of French firms, just as it is very rare for French politicians to leave papers which are in any way comparable to the enormous collections left by people like Gladstone and Peel. The reader of *Histoire des Usines Renault* must be aware both of the limitations and of the exceptional opportunities presented by the Renault archives.

M Fridenson, a lecturer in history at the University of Nanterre, has done an excellent job on these archives. He has been unable to say a great deal about Renault as an individual, but that really is not his purpose. This is a work of economic history, showing the rise of the firm, its struggles against its competitors, its policy in the crisis of the inter-war years; it is also a social history, stressing in particular the problems of modernization in the car industry and the handling of labour relations. On all these points there is a great deal in this book that is new. The material, the statistics and the judgments are presented with precision and clarity.

In contrast to the picture of the defensive family firm, seeking only to preserve its standard of living, Renault emerges as a dynamic businessman as well as a remarkable engineer. The success of his firm in its early years was due to the establishment of an exceptional sales organization.

Renault went to the United States and sent many of his engineers there to study methods. He was however slow to copy them and "Taylorism" was only very partially introduced into his factories. For long these retained an almost artisanal character. Up to the Second World War Renault, for various reasons, had still not introduced a cheap mass-produced model, preferring to offer better quality in a wide variety of shapes and sizes. In 1926 Renault spent 60 per cent more man-hours producing a car than Citroën. This was at a time moreover when France lagged behind the United States in productivity: in 1927, it was calculated that in the United States seventy working days were needed to produce a car, and in France 300. The price of French cars began falling only around 1925: this was long after the dramatic drop in prices started by Ford, whose Model T cost almost a third in 1916 of what it had cost in 1909.

Renault was not only a car manufacturer but also a major producer of armaments. There is interesting information here about the profits he made in the First World War, which were considerably less than he had made on his cars before the war. But then, when car profits fell in the crisis that followed, military production became increasingly important to him. He was also very successful in supplying Paris with its taxis and buses. In general, the policy of the firm was to maximize profits rather than turnover.

Though one is struck by Renault's readiness to seize opportunities and to investigate new methods, particularly in his early years, a notable change occurred in him as he grew older. He was one of the most conservative of the country's employers, at a time when employers were putting up solid resistance to the demands of the workers. He had visions of starting a conservative organization to fight the communists, using their own methods. Unfortunately this book stops in 1939, so that Renault's relations with the Vichy government, which ended with his factories being confiscated at the Liberation, are not treated. The sequel is promised in another volume, which will be very welcome.

M Fridenson's book, because of the large amount of detailed statistics in it, will be indispensable to all those interested in the economic history of France, the history of the car industry, and the life of one of the great, still largely elusive, figures in French history.

A history of Renault in more recent times, now that it is one of the largest firms in France, is needed not simply to satisfy academic curiosity but as a necessary basis for national policy. The Renault car factories have been the scene both of important political disturbances and of experiments in industrial organization which are of great interest. A team of industrial sociologists under Pierre Naville has attempted to investigate the social functions which this major portion of the public sector has performed and should perform. A great deal of basic information was collected on the organization of the nationalized firm, on its legal institutions, its labour force, and finally on the demands made by the workers in the strike of May/June, 1968. *L'Etat entrepreneur* provides a lot of raw material which should be of interest to those who reflect on the problems posed by nationalized industries. A long bibliography provides valuable guidance for further study. The book itself appears to have been composed at some speed, so that it poses problems rather than offering solutions, but it is an important first step in a piece of work on which a great deal remains to be done.

# [B]ooks [r]eceived

## [Art] and Architecture

[BRAU]N, HUGH. *Cathedral Architecture.* 272pp. Faber and Faber. [£...]95.

[Despite] its comprehensive title, this [is a]n account of the English cathe[dral]s of the Middle Ages. Though [it c]ontains no new information, it [will] serve as a useful introduction. [The] characteristics of style are sys[tema]tically ascribed to their various [perio]ds and the evolution of plan[s] and structure clearly des[cribe]d. Especially to the point are [the] opening chapters dealing with [the] ancestry of the cathedral as a [buil]ding type. The style of writing [is fo]rtunately not as coy as the tone [of th]e author's preface and the word[ing] of chapter-titles lead one to [fear]: "Glades of Stone", "A [Lif]ted Firmament", "Steepled [Lan]dscape". The technical explana[tion]s are intelligible without being [mis]leadingly simplified and are [aid]ed by good line drawings. The [thirt]y-two photographic plates show [mai]nly conventional views.

[BAR]TINELLI, MARIO. *Man the Artist.* [Il]lustrated by Cesare Colombi. [Tr]anslated by Barbara McGilvray. [...]pp. Tom Stacey. £2.80.

[This] book is designed to explain the [esse]ntial nature of art to young [peop]le and maintains interest [thro]ughout by the variety of images [pre]sented, at each page opening, [of] an illustration of an idea or [mea]ning and reproductions of [wor]ks of art. The attempt to include [wor]ks in every form on the perhaps [dou]btful assumption that all are [equal]ly related makes for diffuseness [and] may remain somewhat hard to [gras]p, but many points are made [with] clarity and enthusiasm.

[ROS]SI, PAUL A., and HUNT, DAVID C. *The Art of the Old West.* 335pp. [Co]llins. £8.

[This] elaborately produced and [lavis]hly illustrated volume is based [on] the unique collection of material [rela]ting to the growth of the United [Sta]tes formed by the Tulsa oil mag[nate] Thomas Gilcrease and now contained in the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art owned and operated by the city of Tulsa. An extraordinary amount of vivid illustration was produced in the course of North American development by artists who studied the life of the American Indian at first hand as George Catlin did and chronicled the life of the cowboy and the frontiersman like Frederic Remington and Charles Merion Russell. These and other illustrators, who gave their authentic anticipation of the movement and violence of the Western film, figure largely. Paintings of the romantically wild landscape and graphic records of natural history provide a welcome alternation to the hunting and gunfight scenes. A series of historical chapters provides written commentary on the successive stages of advance westwards.

## Biography and Memoirs

HARPPRECHT, KLAUS. *Willy Brandt.* Portrait and Self-Portrait. Translated by Hank Keller. 300pp. Abelard-Schuman. £2.25.

The compiler of this work has been editor of the important review *Der Monat* and before that "headed up" the Bonn office of Radio Free Berlin. The sloppiness of the blurb matches that of the book. The name of the West German Chancellor's residence is consistently misspelt and the level of translation low. Whatever Wilhelm II called the Social Democrats, it was not "comrades without a Fatherland". The contents include uncharacteristically obsequious items by the editor, an abridged version of Brandt's important "state of the nation" address of 1970 and selections from his writings. Herr Brandt, a man of style and a linguist, deserves better.

## Classics

*Menandri. Reliquiae Selectae.* Edited by F. H. Sandbach. 340pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £2.50.

In view of the numerous papyri discovered in recent years, adding to our meagre knowledge of Menander, this volume is of exceptional importance and interest. Here are one complete play, the *Dyscolus*, enough of five plays to make some critical assessment possible, and copious fragments. Of these F. H. Sandbach has omitted only those so mutilated or truncated as to be beyond interpretation. The difficulties which beset the editor of such a text, whether of orthography, interpretation or restoration, are obviously many; but Professor Sandbach has made excellent use of the work of many distinguished papyrologists. Until further discoveries are made, this may be regarded as the standard text of Menander.

## Education

LAMONT, WILLIAM (Editor). *The Realities of Teaching History: Beginnings.* 189pp. Chatto and Windus. £1.60.

History teachers and those preparing for the profession will be interested in this report of a Sussex University experiment. Pairs of students were placed for a year in the same school under a practising teacher who had finally to decide on their competence to teach. The book assembles the classroom experiences of some of these students, mostly described in a lively and personal style, with comments by their tutors.

TAYLOR, JOHN L. and WALFORD, REX. *Simulation in the Classroom.* 190pp. Penguin Education. Paperback, 45p.

An introduction to the use in schools of games which simulate real situations, casting children in the roles of those who make the decisions, whether on the battlefield or in the boardroom. Like many enlivening classroom techniques, games like these need proper preparation to be effective as educational instruments. Among the six detailed exercises is a particularly topical one called "The Conservation Game", which cleverly explores the issues raised by the siting of a new airport.

## History

CROSS, COLIN. *The British Empire.* 159pp. Hamlyn. £1.95.

The imperial story is presented largely in pictures, though in the spaces between these Colin Cross provides a concise history of the Empire's origins, its zenith and its decline. The illustrations in colour and monochrome reflect the imperial adventure from the Elizabethan colonists to the postwar "Recessional".

FITZGIBBON, CONSTANTINE. *A Concise History of Germany.* 192pp. Thames and Hudson. £2.50.

Constantine FitzGibbon contrives to bring the age of Charlemagne and the Treaty of Verdun into relationship with the founding of the Order of Teutonic Knights, this with the horrors of the Thirty Years' War and these with the vicissitudes of German history in the twentieth century. He succeeds, too, in doing justice to the *Minnesinger* and to the genius of Goethe. The numerous illustrations vary in mood from the barbaric to the gentle, from crude humour to the harsh, ugly and cruel, perhaps to the tragic. If the reader is content to accept it as an essay and a picture-book he will not be unduly troubled when the author dates *cuius regio eius religio* in 1555 instead of 1526 or asserts that the Frankfurt Assembly was not elected (perhaps confusing it with the assembly of invited persons called the Vorparlament that organized its election), or writes of "the Cameroons and other Pacific islands".

## Horticulture

KRAMER, JACK. *Gardening and Home Landscaping.* A Complete Illustrated Guide. 336pp. Hale. £4.50.

Maps showing rainfall and frost risks are of North America, a feature of little help to British gardeners. But those prepared to pay the price of this rather elaborately produced gardening book will find advice on designing a landscape garden, as well as on plant cultivation, which is equally valid for this country. Much of the instruction is given in the form of plans and drawings, and the photographs of the end-products could well stimulate any garden landscape designer starting from scratch.

SHEWELL-COOPER, W. E. *The Basic Book of Vegetable Growing.* 144pp. Tom Stacey. £1.75.

The author must surely hold the record for productivity with more than sixty gardening books written during the past forty years. An ardent believer in compost cultivation, non-digging methods and the avoidance of chemical fertilizers, he here offers a highly experienced gardener's advice for the successful growing of all the more common vegetables and some of the less common ones. There are also sections for herbs and for salad crops.

## Literature

CROW, CHRISTINE M. *Paul Valéry and Maxwell's Demon: Natural Order and Human Possibility.* 83pp. University of Hull. Paperback, £1.20.

Christine M. Crow clearly expounds the way in which Valéry applied Maxwell's concept of a sorting agent, working to counteract entropy to embody the ordering processes of the intellect. She then uses this central analogue to illuminate the way in which Valéry's thoughts ranged widely in different disciplines, apprehending affinities between concepts in physics, particularly thermodynamics, in Gestalt psychology and in structuralist methods, and indeed relating them to human creativity in all fields. In this ambitious task Dr Crow shows a firm grasp of sometimes difficult ideas and conveys them with conciseness and lucidity.

MAY, ROBIN. *Who's Who in Shakespeare.* 189pp. Elm Tree Books. Hamish Hamilton. £2.

Here are even the most fleeting of Shakespearean characters: a sergeant in *Macbeth*, a tailor in *The Shrew*, sundry Lord Mayors and noblemen, small-part players of every description. Few or none have escaped the net of this handy little reference work with its notes of nearly 400 characters (alphabetically arranged) and in conclusion a dramatis personae of each play, with the scenes in which each character appears.

WEBSTER, JOHN. *Three Plays.* Edited by D. C. Gunby. 458pp. Penguin. Paperback, 50p.

The three plays are *The White Devil*, *The Duchess of Malfi* and *The Devil's Law Case*, the first two of which have had successful stage revivals in recent years. In his introduction the editor, D. C. Gunby, shows Webster as reflecting the changes, confusions and shifting standards of his time. He includes a bibliography and notes on the sources and influences of each play.

## Local History

BLANCHARD, I. S. W. (Editor). *The Duchy of Lancaster's Estates in Derbyshire, 1485-1540.* 124pp. Derbyshire Archaeological Society. £2.50.

The documents from which I. S. W. Blanchard has made his selection concern the administration of the large estates in Derbyshire acquired by Henry VII, as Duke of Lancaster, when he came to the throne in 1485. Together with the introduction, they illustrate the conditions of Derbyshire farming in early Tudor times, a period when both livestock prices and rents were rising steadily.

MCGRATH, PATRICK (Editor). *Bristol in the Eighteenth Century.* 227pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £3.75.

Eight pamphlets, formerly printed separately by the local branch of the Historical Association, reflect aspects of eighteenth-century Bristol. Predictably, the port and slave trade occupy three of the papers, but other studies dwell on the theatre, local politics in the days of Burke, and

descriptions of the city left by contemporaries. Basil Cottle's study of Chatterton questions whether the Rowley poems were seriously meant to deceive, or whether the boy poet was not rather creating an individual poetic form for himself. The best of Chatterton went into those poems, leaving only the hack writer who at times repented of his later waste of talent, so that "a few flowers grew in the mud".

## Natural History

LOVELOCK, YANN. *The Vegetable Book.* An Unnatural History. 383pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.50.

Yann Lovelock has described in popular terms a world-wide range of edible plants, some major foods, some rarer, basing his selection on the limitations of language rather than geography. A section on vegetables is followed by cereals and nuts and finally herbs, spices and condiments. Much unusual information has been collected concerning the place of plants in history and in the life of man, as well as their origin, spread and present habitat. The arrangement is broadly alphabetical, though sometimes unrelated plants are included under a colloquial name such as "Cress" or "Seaweed". The origin of popular names receives particular attention and there are delightful extracts from literature and references to folklore, folk wisdom —"upon St David's day, put barley in the clay" (March 1) — and country proverbs. The material is attractively presented and is further enhanced by Meg Rutherford's line drawings.

## Psychology

FREUD, ANNA, and others (Editors). *The Psychoanalytic Study of the Child.* Volume twenty-six. 616pp. Hogarth Press. £5.

The emphasis in the twenty-sixth Annual Volume has shifted. Anna Freud's original area of work lay with problems in character and personality stemming from experiences in development at the time when the person already understood speech. There has throughout psychoanalysis, however, been an increasing interest in pre-verbal problems and this is reflected here. Mahler links infant observation with later therapeutic access for treatment; the Robertsons have an excellent paper on direct observations on children of eighteen to twenty-four months separated for about ten days from their mothers. Whether the effects, which are manifestly grave, are permanent or reversible, this paper must provoke concern at mothers going out to work. Apart from the esoteric papers on theory, there are a number of papers the titles and content of which will interest the general reader. Yorke, as far as he goes, is interesting on Klein. Kennedy returns to her old interest for reconstructing early experience from later symptoms, providing one of six clinical papers that will interest any parent, teacher, probation officer or social worker. Theoretical papers apart, the language and ideas are much nearer those of common sense, and mystification continues to lessen.

## Religion

DUNCAN, DENIS (Editor). *Through the Year with Cardinal Heenan.* 255pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2.25.

Television has given the edge to Cardinal Heenan over his predecessor Cardinal Wiseman, who made the headlines just once when he intervened in the London dock strike. But who does not know Cardinal Heenan, appreciate his spiritual advice, or admire the friendly fashion whereby in answering a question he gently includes a reply to one he wasn't asked? He is learned, witty, and unfailingly Christian. Here, spread over each day in a year, are pieces extracted from his writings, sermons or broadcasts. They cover the widest possible range of religious and social life; with charity and wisdom he defends and expounds the faith of the Roman Church while casting a not unfriendly, though wary, eye on his separated brethren.

## Social History

HAIR, PAUL (Editor). *Before the Bawdy Court.* 271pp. Elek. £4.

The evil that men do lives after them in Paul Hair's abstracts from the archives of the old church courts. Yet the sins of the ancestors will often seem venial enough to the skimming reader. Snowballing or salmon fishing on Sunday, or doing the laundry on a Saturday night, look innocent pursuits now, though playing football in York Minster might still be thought to have merited the stocks and a birching. However, the Archdeacon's court dealt mostly with sexual misdemeanours, hence its nickname of "the bawdy court". Mr Hair's 600 short extracts from the records of the courts, where these are in print, are nicely arranged, each with a reference to its source and the category of case to which it belongs; comments on each category follow, with indexes, list of sources, and a Scottish glossary.

SPILLER, BRIAN. *Victorian Public Houses.* 112pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £2.95.

The nineteenth century was the Golden Age of the public house. Gin palaces first glittered in the 1830s. Cosy old ale houses were replaced by splendiferous surroundings more suited to customers who dreamed they dwelt in marble halls. In 1888, the first American bars in London served "Kidney Twist" and "Liver Syringe" cocktails. Brian Spiller has assembled a fine collection of prints and photographs of Victorian pubs past and present in their glory of engraved glass, Wrenaissance woodwork, lincrusta, anaglypta, Britannia tables and reflected lights. Happily many such pubs still survive. He fills in the social background to drinking: the growth and breakdown of class and sex segregation in pubs; children and beer; changing tastes in drink.

TOBIAS, J. J. *Nineteenth Century Crime.* Prevention and Punishment. 183pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £2.95.

This collection of writings should be useful to teachers and students of social history and of criminology. The extracts from contemporary opinions on the causes of crime show that some last-century thinking on the subject was less dogmatic than is generally supposed. The existence of a "criminal class" with its own localities was an article of faith among the Victorians and provincial as well as London evidence is adduced here. There is an interesting section on criminal statistics and another on the police, the remainder of the book being mainly devoted to texts on punishment. Many little-known passages are included in the selection.

## Social Studies

BROOKFIELD, H. C. *Colonialism, Development and Independence.* The case of the Melanesian islands in the South Pacific. 226pp. Cambridge University Press. £4.80.

A McGill geographer approaches this study as "a social scientist who is also an observer of contemporary trends". The subject is given appropriately serious, if heavy, treatment. An historian's touch is lacking. The analysis is not deep enough for the first part of the title: there is no mention of Sir Arthur Gordon, first Governor of Fiji and precursor of indirect rule through chiefs, which has had such an influence on smooth transition through all phases in that colony. The effect is detached, with only the occasional observation first-hand on New Guinea. The author is at his best when assessing the past decade and the chances of success for independence, while attempting to gauge the significance of Fiji's independence for New Guinea and for successors. If a conclusion for this work were too difficult, when independence has been so recently gained in Fiji, has to be finally ratified for Papua/New Guinea, and is not yet granted to the Solomons, New Hebrides, New Caledonia and West Irian, then the occasionally involved writing and thinking at least required regular summarizing. The bibliography, full of holes, is far too limited for so dispersed an area. For the price and size there might have been some illustrations.

MEACHER, MICHAEL. *Taken for a Ride.* Special Residential Homes for Confused Old People: A Study of Separatism in Social Policy. 546pp. Longman. £6.75.

Michael Meacher gives the results of his experiences in visiting homes for the care of confused old people, mostly women. He makes the interesting suggestion, in describing the behaviour of one old lady, that her confusion might be a logical response to a very perplexing environment where regular contact with normal people was almost entirely lost. There may often be a physical basis for confusion, and it can be the medical expression of despair applied to socially isolated old people for whom nobody will accept responsibility. He suggests, among other remedies, psychiatric care in place of segregation, earlier detection of [illegible] ioration by means of regular [illegible] this would involve [illegible] comprehensive community [illegible] of old people, and a greatly [illegible] provision of sheltered housing [illegible] is a useful textbook [illegible] an important subject which [illegible] increasing in size.

## Topography

TURNER, BARRY. *A Place in the Country.* 224pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.95.

In fact thirteen places in the country, chosen for a recent [illegible] tour of stately homes, [illegible] selection from the 200-odd [illegible] now in the care of the National Trust. The commentary leans to [illegible] personal and historical [illegible] the architectural aspect. [illegible] ductory outline of country [illegible] evolution from the fortified house to the luxurious [illegible] Stuart and Hanoverian land[illegible] is followed by attractive [illegible] with Barry Turner's [illegible] houses, builders, and owners [illegible] of Hardwick, Sackvilles [illegible] Churchill at Chartwell, and [illegible] ing sisters who bought, [illegible] gave to the Trust Plas-yn-[illegible] its stretch of coastline. [illegible] graphers have further [illegible] by including a number of [illegible] portraits.

## War

JACKSON, ROBERT. *At War with the Bolsheviks.* The Allied [illegible] tion into Russia, 1917-20. Tom Stacey. £3.40.

Outstanding qualities w[illegible] quired to justify another [illegible] the literature of that [illegible] written topic—Allied intervention in the civil war in Russia after [illegible] lution. Robert Jackson con[illegible] on the military, to the ex[illegible] the political, aspects of the [illegible] tion, and relies a good deal [illegible] lections of participants. Some [illegible] photographs are unfamiliar [illegible] teresting. But all this is [illegible] ficient to secure for the [illegible] welcome which it would [illegible] served if it had been the [illegible] stead of the hundredth, [illegible] the subject.

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With the purpose of fostering the development of Australian creative talent in all aspects of film and television, it is proposed to establish an Australian Film and Television School. Located in Sydney, it will be the first of its kind in Australia.
The Director will be responsible to the governing Council for developing the School's philosophy and course of study, guiding the planning and establishment of a comprehensive teaching studio complex, and the selection and training of suitable staff.
He will require qualifications in both education and film/television and should preferably have been associated with the development of a similar institution. A high level of experience in teaching, research and film production or criticism is essential; together with outstanding qualities of leadership and an ability to communicate with student film makers. He must also be capable of integrating the activities of the School with the operations of the Film and Television Industry and appropriate education authorities.
Salary will be $A13,820 per annum (£1 = $A2.0 approx.) subject to review.
Applications for this post should be directed to The Secretary, Department of the Environment, Aborigines and the Arts, P.O. Box 5, CANBERRA, Australia, 2600.





# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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Applications close in London and New Zealand on 28 February, 1973.

**Hackney Technical College** (ilea)
Dalston Lane E8 1LJ

## College Librarian

Applications invited for post of College Librarian in this Area College of 3,500 students. Applicants should be chartered librarians, interested in current developments in Library activities, willing to bring drive and initiative to task of expanding library facilities in the College. Person appointed will have opportunity to help plan library in new College building. Excellent conditions of service. Salary scale (Librarian Grade I) £3,192-£3,738.

*Application forms and further details from the Education Officer, Estab. 2A/2, County Hall, S.E.1 7PB. Tel. 01-633 7546. Closing date for receipt of completed applications 19 January, 1973.*

**FIFE COUNTY COUNCIL**
LAUDER TECHNICAL COLLEGE, DUNFERMLINE
**ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN**

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians or others who have completed their professional course, for the post of Assistant Librarian in the College Library Service.
Previous experience is not necessary but the successful candidate will be expected to have an interest in developing the library service. Further particulars may be obtained on application to the Principal.
Salary: Chartered Librarians, £1,689-£2,100. Others within the Trainee Grade, £1,143-£1,578 according to qualifications.
Applications in writing stating age, qualifications and experience should be submitted to the County Clerk, County Buildings, Cupar, Fife by not later than 23rd January, 1973.

**CHETHAM'S LIBRARY, MANCHESTER, M3 1SB**

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from qualified Librarians with good Honours Degree (preferably with research qualification in History).
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For further particulars, please apply to: Charlotte Coulson, TLS, Printing House Square, London, EC4P 4DE. 01-236 2000, ext. 280.

**NORTHERN IRELAND CIVIL SERVICE**

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Applications are invited for the permanent post of Librarian at Loughry College of Agriculture and Food Technology, Cookstown, County Tyrone.

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The work will include the acquisition of books and journals and their classification, maintenance of card index system and the general operation of the library loan system to staff and students.

QUALIFICATIONS:

Candidates must
1 have passed one of the following professional examinations of the Library Association: viz., the Registration Examination (1963 or earlier); the Part II (Final) Examination (1964 or subsequently);
2 have otherwise obtained Associateship of the Library Association; or
3 hold an approved degree or diploma in Librarianship.

Practical experience of librarianship is preferable.

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require a

## Technical Librarian

The duties will include responsibility (with one assistant) for the maintenance of our Technical Library, the acquisition, indexing and circulation of technical books, journals, papers and proceedings, internal reports, etc.

The Librarian will be expected to assess all kinds of technical literature and to provide current awareness and reference services for our Senior Engineers and Officials.

It is felt that this post will be most successfully filled by someone who has the necessary professional qualifications together with a definite interest in technology. Salary will be within the range recommended by the Library Association.

*Please write to* A. D. McKenzie, Staff Personnel Officer, Rolls-Royce Motors Limited, Car Division, Pym's Lane, Crewe, Cheshire. Tel: Crewe 55155 Ext. 306.

Mansell Information/Publishing Limited

Mansell have developed unique equipment and techniques for translating existing library records into book form, have produced the British Museum *General Catalogue of Printed Books* and are publishing *The National Union Catalog, Pre-1956 Imprints* for the Library of Congress. The Bemrose Corporation, to which Mansell belongs, have recently established with the Swedish firm Almqvist & Wiksell a joint London-based agency, Bemrose/Almqvist & Wiksell, to make available in the United Kingdom the computer services and facilities of the Swedish firm. Mansell are now ready to extend their bibliographic capabilities to include the translation of current and future library records into book form, and require a

## Librarian familiar with computer techniques for their editorial staff.

Ideally, the man or woman for this position will be a qualified librarian with several years' experience as a cataloguer, who will also have undertaken or been responsible for the definition of long-term information processing requirements within the context of an academic or research library. The candidate will have a mature approach to planning, a creative yet practical approach to systems development, the ability to deal effectively with both management and operating personnel, and an extensive knowledge of third generation computers. Reporting to the Managing Director, the successful candidate will be responsible for all computer-based projects from conception to publication. A period of training in Sweden is envisaged to familiarize the appointee with the available systems and the first task will involve identifying, designing, and writing a proposal to turn the current catalogue of a London academic library into book form, while maintaining the records for the library's daily use. Salary negotiable around £3,000. Write with full particulars to the Managing Director, Mansell, 3 Bloomsbury Place, London WC1A 2QA.

**PLYMOUTH POLYTECHNIC**
Applications are invited for the post of

## DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

Salary scale £3,421-£3,829

The Polytechnic Library has entered a period of rapid development: bookfund, accommodation and staff have trebled within one year. New procedures are being designed and new services implemented. The first phase, 5,000 sq. metres, of the Learning Resources Centre is due to commence building in mid-1973. The new post of Deputy Librarian has been established, with effect from 1st April, 1973, to provide vital assistance to the Librarian. The main task will be internal library administration but opportunity will be given to assist in forward planning. This responsible post offers challenge and scope for suitably qualified graduates with appropriate experience.

*Further details and application forms from The Clerk to the Governors, Plymouth Polytechnic, Plymouth, PL4 8AA, to whom applications should be returned not later than 31st January, 1973.*

**West Lothian County Council**

## LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the post of Senior Assistant Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Bathgate. Salary Chartered Librarians—£1,689-£2,100. Responsibility element of £200 p.a. is payable.
Application forms are obtainable from the Director of Education, County Buildings, Linlithgow. Applications should be lodged by Friday, 12 January, 1973.
County Buildings, Linlithgow. JOHN CALDER, County Clerk.